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DEATH OF SHERE ALI.

THE death of SHERE ALI, though it may perhaps conduce to the restoration of peace, cannot but suggest a feeling of compassion and regret. Exile and anxiety may probably have accelerated his end; and it is sad that an active and varied career should have closed in failure and misfortune. His relations with the Government of India have, with or without fault on one or both sides, fatally embittered his life, except perhaps when he was for a short time partially contented with the assurances of Lord MAYO. Before that time he could scarcely be satisfied with Lord LAWRENCE's well-judged resolution to recognize any ruler in Afghanistan who might actually exercise supreme power. His feelings after the interview of his Minister with Lord NORTHBROOK at Simla were expressed in the well-known letter which is not the only instance in which he showed himself a proficient in sarcastic irony. He professed to have been convinced by the VICEROY's assurances "that peace and tranquillity have, praise be to GOD, been established in all States in perpetuity, and that doubts and disputes have on every side been removed; and that such security has been established in all countries that no aggressions will take place, nor will any Power raise discussions or disputes with another within the boundaries of that Power; and that the use of inimical expressions has been discontinued in diplomatic correspondence, and that peace and tranquillity have been secured to the whole world." "My friend," he adds, "in this circumstance of the case it was not necessary to hold all those conversations with SYUD NOOR MAHOMED SHAH at Simla." Thenceforth the AMEER neither liked nor trusted the English Government, and from time to time he betrayed feelings of dissatisfaction which were in turn, after the arrival of Lord LYTTON in India, treated as grounds of offence. The effect of the Conference of Peshawur was to aggravate his suspicion and hostility; but for a year afterwards there seemed to be no reason for an actual collision. The fatal mistake of receiving a Russian Mission at Cabul resulted in the declaration of war, in the flight of the AMEER, and perhaps in his illness and death. He had become, through a combination of untoward circumstances, a political enemy; but he did nothing which would justify resentment now that he is removed from the scene of contest. On two occasions within a century a more powerful enemy has unexpectedly died in the midst of a struggle with England. The deaths of the Emperor PAUL immediately after NELSON's victory at Copenhagen, and of his son, the Emperor NICHOLAS, during the siege of Sebastopol, were important political events. It was only by a conventional fiction that Lord LYTTON declared that the reigning AMEER was the sole object of hostility; but it will be the duty of the English and Indian Governments to profit, if possible, by the opportunity of making peace with the successor of SHERE ALI.

It is probably rather as a form of courtesy than in imitation of his father's ironical humour that YAKOOB KHAN has accounted for his communication of the death of the AMEER by a reference to his friendship with the Indian Government. It seems that YAKOOB had already made overtures to the VICEROY's agent at Peshawur, perhaps in consequence of the presence in the English camp of a kinsman and possible rival. It is also possible that the late AMEER may have given his sanction to negotiations when

he had satisfied himself that no assistance could for the present be expected from Russia. The loyalty which YAKOOB has observed during his government of Cabul probably implied his confidence that he would not again be superseded in his position as heir to the throne; but any pretender belonging to the reigning family may become dangerous; and among the conditions of peace YAKOOB will probably stipulate, if possible, for a distinct recognition of his title. Any overture to that effect will deserve favourable consideration, though it may be prudent to ascertain as well as circumstances may allow the present disposition of the Afghan people or of their chiefs. The actual control of the army and administration will give YAKOOB a great advantage; and it is not likely that the Russians will at this time support the claim of ABDURRAHMAN, who is perhaps the most formidable of his competitors. It may be hoped that no encouragement has been given to the pretensions of a brother of SHERE ALI who is now a fugitive at Peshawur. It would be inexcusable to repeat the most fatal blunder of forty years ago by establishing a puppet on the throne of Cabul. It was alleged that SHAH SOOJAH was the legitimate Ameer; and there would be still less excuse for supporting the cause of a Barukaye pretender who could scarcely prefer a better title than any other descendant of DOST MAHOMED. No policy could be more unworthy than to attempt to intimidate or cajole YAKOOB KHAN by affecting encouragement of some obscure competitor. If YAKOOB can maintain himself, even for a short time, it would be prudent, not to guarantee his possession, but to intimate, in the language used by two or three Viceroys to SHERE ALI, that any attempt to disturb his tenure would be regarded with displeasure by the Indian Government. The present Ministers have never disavowed the opinion of former Secretaries of State and Viceroys that it is desirable to make Afghanistan strong and, in a certain sense, independent. It is, of course, also expedient to secure the good will of the reigning Ameer and a certain deference on his part to English counsels.

The annexation of any considerable portion of Afghan territory would not only involve burdensome liabilities, but it would greatly increase the difficulty of making peace. Already threatened with enmity and opposition, YAKOOB KHAN, even if he wished to make the surrender, could scarcely venture to become a party to the dismemberment of his father's dominions. The retention of Candahar after the conclusion of peace would necessarily convert him into a conspirator and a prospective enemy, in spite of any protestations of friendship; and the other reasons against annexation are in themselves conclusive. It may perhaps be practicable to obtain the consent of the Afghan Government to the extension of frontier territory which has been already effected. The tribes which will be required to transfer their allegiance are rather feudal dependents than subjects of the throne of Cabul, while the possession of Candahar as well as of Herat is indispensable to the integrity of the kingdom. The actual delimitation will be made in some degree on the authority of the VICEROY's military advisers; but it is well known that another class of experts is opposed to all extension of territory in the North-West, and for political reasons it is better to err on the side of moderation than to be unduly exacting. It must be remembered that the disposition of YAKOOB KHAN is at present but imperfectly understood. The VIZIER who represented SHERE ALI at Tashkend assured an American Correspondent that the future Ameer would, unless the

Russians advised him to yield, prosecute the war in earnest. YAKOOB'S final decision, which may perhaps at present be obscure even to himself, will mainly depend on the terms which may be offered by the English Government. Until peace is concluded he is not likely to break off his relations with Russia. The rumour that the VICEROY has resolved in any event to occupy Cabul is somewhat alarming. The power of England has been all the more effectively displayed because it has been prudently held in reserve. A march on the capital might be prudent if it were the only mode of compelling submission. As a mere exhibition of superior force it would be idle and dangerous.

There can be no time fitter than the present for making peace. The army has not yet met with a single check, and the real object of the war has been attained in the withdrawal of the Russian Mission. It is true that the recall was procured by diplomatic negotiations conducted in London; but throughout Asia it will be attributed to the vigorous prosecution of the war in Afghanistan. If a settlement is delayed, circumstances may change, and the coincidence of the retirement of the Mission with the advance of the English army will be less fresh in remembrance. At great cost, and not without risk, the Indian Government has been enabled to derive profit from a mistake in Russian policy; but the advantage would be too dearly purchased at the price of a prolonged war with Afghanistan. Victory might perhaps render it possible to impose harsher terms of peace, but with the inevitable result of producing future quarrels. The controversy which preceded, and in some degree caused, the rupture, will probably be revived in the form of a demand for the reception of English agents at Candahar and Herat. It is not desirable to insist on the establishment of a permanent Resident at Cabul. Any attempt to control the local government in Indian fashion would provoke jealous animosity; and an English officer, though he might exercise personal influence, would perhaps have greater difficulty than a native in obtaining trustworthy information. There is a difference of opinion as to the utility of maintaining Residents at the provincial capitals, and the objections of the Indian Government in 1867 to such a measure deserve careful consideration. Some Anglo-Indians hold that Teheran is the most convenient post from which the approaches to Afghanistan can be conducted. It is not necessary to reside at Herat for the purpose of protecting Merv, which is nevertheless a place of importance. The Duke of ARGYLL, who perhaps excels less in the art of punning than in the higher departments of literature and statesmanship, designates anxiety about Russian encroachments by the facetious name of "Mervousness." It happens that SHEER ALI deeply felt or strongly expressed alarm at a probable Russian conquest of Merv.

THE DEPRESSION OF TRADE.

THE deputation from the Chambers of Commerce which waited on Lord SALISBURY raised two questions which are of great importance to English traders, but which may conveniently be considered apart. The first question is how far England can induce other countries to abate the protective duties which shut out English goods? The second question is what are the causes which check the sale of English goods in countries from which they are not excluded by protective duties? The latter question does not concern the Foreign Office, and Lord SALISBURY did not attempt to deal with it. If we added a third question, and asked what foreign countries can successfully compete with us in our own home market, we should have raised all the chief questions the right answers to which would contain the solution of whatever mystery may overhang the present depression of English trade and the prospects of its continuance. To the first question Lord SALISBURY gave what is in the main the right answer. When we bargain for treaties of commerce, we have nothing, or scarcely anything, to give up on our side. As Lord SALISBURY said, we go to market with our pockets empty. We are therefore obliged to appeal to those whom we address on the ground that the more they give up the better it will be for them. We ask them not so much to give us a benefit as to accept a benefit for themselves. They answer that what they want is not prospective wealth, but present cash.

They must have more money than they have got, and more money means new taxation. The only taxes they can get their people to stand are indirect taxes. Men who will not stand anything else will stand an addition to Customs duties. Impenitence is thus the mother of Protection, and the facts are so strong that nothing that Free-traders can say seems to shake the conviction of foreign Governments that they know their own people best. Our own colonies are exactly like the Continental world in this respect. The colonists do not like any taxes except Customs duties, and so put them on regardless of the Free-trade lamentations and expostulations of the mother-country. Lord SALISBURY could offer to the deputation nothing more consolatory than the hope that if foreign Governments got somehow much richer and wanted to spend less, they might abandon Customs duties, for which they would then have no need. But, although this is the main reason for the Continental duties, it is not the only one. A French commercial deputation has just waited on M. GRÉVY and implored him to favour Protection. He replied that he would not pledge himself to this, but that he would pledge himself to the statement that, under the great and equitable Government which he has just assisted in founding, something should be done for every one. Neither the producer nor the consumer should be left out in the cold. In other words, there is to be Protection, but not too much of it. The effect of such a doctrine, which is held more or less by all the civilized world outside England, is obviously adverse to our Government, when it tries to negotiate treaties of commerce. We offer direct advantages to the consumer, and only remote and very indirect advantages to the producer; and the Government we address replies that it loves all its subjects as citizens equally, and must take care of producers and consumers alike. The father of a family may not think that all his children behave equally well and wisely, but he lets them all come in to dinner. That the producers are not to stay out in the hall while the rest of the family eat up the pudding is one of those sentimental ideas which, precisely because they are sentimental, profoundly affect the conduct of mankind.

When we turn to the competition of England with other nations in open markets, we must always remember that we are inquiring why England should lose an existing superiority, and not how it can gain one. England is supreme in this branch of trade, because it has most capital, and the best machinery; because trade has always a tendency to go in its accustomed channels, and because England is a free-trading country. Protection must always hamper production. The best thing is not produced because an inferior thing brings in enough profit. The owners of the French mercantile marine, for example, are now imploring the Chamber to give them a subsidy of eight millions of francs. The MINISTER of MARINE has pointed out that the owners lost the carrying trade because their ships were old wooden ships, unable to compete with steamers; and he finds that the sum asked for is exactly the amount required to pay the interest on vessels which have become useless. If the owners get their subsidy, they will be comfortably off; but France will be cut out of the carrying trade as much as ever. With these advantages to give it a superiority, what are the disadvantages under which England suffers that are endangering its superiority? That on which the deputation to Lord SALISBURY exclusively dwelt was the longer hours during which foreign artisans are willing to work; and on every side we find English employers insisting that they must get more hours out of their men if they are to hold their own. It used to be said that shorter hours favoured production, because a man who worked within his strength did really more than one who overtaxed his strength. If this is true, the fact that long hours pay best is much to be regretted; but the English artisan will have, in the long run, to yield to facts, whether they please him or not. A remedy which may, however, be worse to the artisan than the disease may perhaps come from an unexpected quarter. It is stated that near Bradford a novel kind of machinery has been invented, and tried, and proved to answer, which goes on all night by itself. The premises are locked up. Everything is dark and quiet, and in the morning it is found that the machinery has produced, all by itself, "large quantities of beautiful articles in silk, cotton, and wool." If this is true, the whole system of English trade may be revolutionized.

The next disadvantage under which English trade is said to be suffering is that we are not in some ways quite so clever as our competitors. They beat us in design and finish. As to some articles this is no doubt true; but we might hope with a better technical education to make up our lost ground, and the bulk of our exported articles have not and do not need much design or finish. A far more serious disadvantage is the extreme point to which adulteration is carried. It is not only that bad things are made to sell at low prices, but that good things in some trades are not made to be sold at any price. If any one knows where in London to buy a yard of real calico or real linen, he would deserve at least to be knighted if he would tell his secret to the public. Why is this? Customers long to be able to buy the real article, shopkeepers would be very happy to sell it, manufacturers to order it to be made, and artisans to make it; and yet it is as extinct as the dodo. A writer in the *Nineteenth Century*, who evidently speaks from practical experience, tells us that its extinction is the inevitable result of the modern system of paying by piecework. If so, how is this result of the modern system to be combated? The necessary reform will, it may be imagined, come from the consumer, and he will insist on it because he is not so powerless as he used to be. Some day the managers of one of the large Stores will order real calico and real linen in a quantity sufficient to induce a manufacturer to produce it. The customers of the Stores will pay whatever is asked, as they will know they are only paying the necessary price for a genuine thing. There will thus be a standard of excellence created by which, slowly but surely, inferior goods will be judged and condemned.

The only serious competition of foreigners in our home market at present is in articles of food, but that is very serious indeed. It has already brought down wheat to less than forty shillings a quarter, and an American writer, who seems to speak with knowledge, calculates that it will ultimately bring it down to thirty shillings. With present rents and present cost of labour, wheat cannot be grown in England at thirty shillings a quarter. The competition in the meat trade is as yet only in its infancy, but even now farmers are losing on their stock. In the long run cheap food may be nothing but a blessing to England, but when we are talking of the condition and immediate prospects of trade, the depression of so great an interest as the agricultural interest deserves the most attentive consideration. Unless this year's harvest is an unusually good one, there are many farmers who will be unable to hold out any longer. But, even if there is a good harvest this year, a lucky accident cannot sensibly affect the operation of permanent causes tending to lower farming prices. The copper mines of England are now neglected because copper is found abroad in such quantities and in places where it can be so easily worked that the cost of carriage to England is no hindrance to the introduction of the metal here. Exactly the same process is going on with regard to the main articles of food. It is true that beyond a certain point the parallel does not hold good. Copper mines that are too deep down remain too deep down; but agriculture is elastic, and can more or less adapt itself to circumstances. There is no reason to suppose that the land of England cannot be made to produce food at prices which will enable growers to thrive. Many changes may take place. More land may be laid down in pasture; the industry of small proprietors may prove successful; rents may be greatly reduced; labour may be economized by invention. But all this involves a great displacement of wealth, a painful change of habits, a period of contest and anxiety. That English trade, manufacturing and agricultural, will be always depressed, may be safely pronounced to be utterly improbable; but that the depression which now exists will quickly pass away, seems almost as unlikely.

MR. TREVELYAN'S MOTION.

TO the credit of the House of Commons, it has rejected by an increased majority a dangerous measure which will probably be carried in the next Parliament. The result is so probable that the *Times*, though it still supports the Government, has thought it prudent at last to declare itself in favour of uniform suffrage. Lord HARTINGTON acknowledged that he had been converted by the

same process of deference to popular opinion. From the security of a great personal position he calmly watches the struggle of institutions for existence in the midst of the winds and waves of agitation. When sometimes a Parliamentary system and sometimes an Established Church seems about to be submerged, the most dispassionate of Liberals notices and records the danger with the complacent indifference of an Epicurean god. That the tide may hereafter rise to a level at which it will threaten the higher aristocracy appears not to be regarded as a probable contingency. Liberal politicians have no hesitation in voting for the establishment of household suffrage in Irish counties, although they are well aware that it would transfer the control of the remaining seats to the priests and to disaffected demagogues. Lord HARTINGTON thinks it becoming to meet an unanswerable objection by the facetious suggestion that the present Government, in relaxing the machinery of coercion, must have been previously satisfied that the population had become less disloyal. Lord CLAUD HAMILTON was perhaps imprudent in expressing an opinion, which was probably shared by the majority of his opponents, that the Irish constituencies which Mr. TREVELYAN proposed to create would be the most ignorant and bigoted in Europe; but it is perhaps better to tell the truth out of season than to act on assumptions which are consciously false. Mr. BIGGAR, at an Irish meeting in the present week, expressed the political opinions which under household suffrage would become dominant in Ireland, by defining an Irishman as a Catholic of Irish parentage, while Irish Protestants were to be regarded as aliens, settled in the country by accident. The same enlightened patriot vindicated the Manchester murder and the Clerkenwell explosion, and foretold a time when democratic sentiments would find utterance in the form of conflagration of the shipping of Liverpool and of the warehouses of Manchester. The audience of course applauded with enthusiasm extravagant rant which is perhaps more foolish than wicked. If it were always expedient to speak without reserve, Lord CLAUD HAMILTON might be pardoned for not wishing to see ninety Mr. BIGGARS in the House of Commons. Mr. TREVELYAN and Lord HARTINGTON are not disposed to trouble themselves about the possible or probable consequences of the party triumph which in another Parliament they are likely to achieve.

The speeches of the mover and seconder, though they were clever and effective, had for the most part but an indirect connexion with the issue ostensibly raised by the resolution. Mr. TREVELYAN directed a vigorous and amusing invective against some Conservatives who had bought property in Midlothian for the purpose of obtaining votes. In another part of his speech he was guilty of grave indiscretion in contending that the soldiers of the Reserve, who are bound by military duty and by express contract to obey orders, ought to have an opportunity of voting against a war which may involve the discharge of their obligations. When Parliament instituted short service, it had no intention of submitting national policy to the judgment of the army. Sir CHARLES DILKE argued in favour of equal electoral districts as a substitute for the worst electoral system which the world had ever seen. The settlement which was unanimously accepted by the Liberal party in 1867 is, it seems, worse than the state of things before the first Reform Bill. In substance Sir C. DILKE complains that minorities are represented through the variety produced in the electoral body by unequal distribution. Mr. COURTNEY showed that Sir C. DILKE's figures require correction; but, on the whole, it is true that the House of Commons is not a mere delegation of the numerical majority. Lord CLAUD HAMILTON made a plausible apology for some of the Midlothian faggot votes by explaining that the purchasers belonged to families which had large property in the county. The practice is objectionable and invidious; and perhaps it might be suppressed without interference with the representation of property. By far the greatest offenders in the multiplication of faggot votes are the followers of Mr. COBDEN, who was himself an enthusiastic advocate of the artificial manipulation of the suffrage. He contended that an investment of 100*l.* in a share of a house not only gave a legal right to vote, but furnished a security for the moral competence of the elector. Under his guidance the Club which succeeded the Corn-Law League packed the constituency of the West Riding; but it might have occurred

even to the most zealous partisan that his own faction had no monopoly of ingenuity or of money. Some of Mr. TREVELYAN's supporters disclosed the secret that their real objection is not to faggot votes, but to a property qualification. Household suffrage, or, according to Mr. GLADSTONE's more candid avowals, universal suffrage, is to supersede all franchises which savour of privilege. Owners of property are not only to be swamped, but to be disfranchised. The practical difference between the two processes is not perhaps very important; but professed Whigs or moderate Liberals may as well take notice of the disuse of the argument which has hitherto been known as the case of the man on the other side of the hedge. Mr. TREVELYAN and those who really agree with him are prepared to institute a supreme democracy; and for their own purpose they judge rightly in beginning with the agricultural labourer. The demagogues who have hitherto conducted agitation in rural districts are among the most extreme of their class. In one of his articles on the extension of the suffrage Mr. GLADSTONE calls attention to the moderate language used by Mr. ARCH in the same periodical. It was not convenient to remember that Mr. ARCH elsewhere proposes to abolish priestcraft and kingcraft, and encourages the doctrine that the labourers have a right to own the land which they cultivate. When the hedge is grubbed up, the man on the other side and the man on this side will be allied and irresistible, and the propensities of the new comer are perhaps the more dangerous.

Mr. LOWE, while he warned the House against a rash disturbance of the Constitution, abstained with dignified reserve from repeating the arguments which he has so often and so forcibly urged. Mr. COURTNEY, with disinterested public spirit, risked his seat in Parliament and his position in the party by an argumentative protest against the tyranny of numbers. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has done involuntary service to a good cause by illustrating in practice the worst tendencies of unlimited suffrage. He and his confederates have established in Birmingham a close monopoly of political and municipal power, imposing on their adversaries, who perhaps represent the wealth and education of the town, disabilities as complete as those which affected the Roman Catholics at the beginning of the present century. Long before the Reform Bill they were entitled to municipal privileges which are withheld from the Conservatives of Birmingham. It was not Mr. COURTNEY's object to denounce faction or ambition, but to show that enormously large constituencies necessarily fall under the dominion of skilful political managers. In the Birmingham organization, a vote for the Committee which is improperly called a Caucus is substituted for a vote for a member of Parliament. Mr. COURTNEY, for his part, desires to retain the old constitutional privilege. Thinking that it was impossible permanently to limit the suffrage, he, like Mr. MILL, whose words he quoted, thought that the solution of the difficulty had been found by Mr. HARE. Unluckily it would be hopeless, even if it were desirable, to adopt a system in which no voter would belong to a definite constituency, and no member would represent any particular place. Universal suffrage, which is a principal element in Mr. HARE's plan, is in its nature uncontrollable and absolute; nor would arbitrary restriction of an acknowledged right be permanently tolerated. The only real check on the anarchical omnipotence of universal suffrage is the unwieldy magnitude which places it at the mercy of ambitious party managers in England, and of professional masters of corruption in the United States.

Both Mr. LOWE and the supporters of Mr. TREVELYAN justly taunted the Government with the ambiguous form of the amendment, which was apparently intended to keep the question open for future party convenience; but ultimately the Government accepted Mr. LOWE's amendment, which meets the resolution with a direct negative. Lord CLAUD HAMILTON cannot be accused of hypocrisy. He necessarily obeyed the orders of his official superiors in moving a milk-and-water amendment; but his speech was an uncompromising attack on Mr. TREVELYAN's scheme, and indeed on all projects for extending the suffrage. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE himself hesitated less than on former occasions; and the increase of the majority was perhaps the reward of a straightforward policy. Conservative members had naturally been unwilling to pledge themselves to resistance while they were doubtful whether the Government might not, after all, give

way. It is highly creditable to the Conservatives that no member has deserted the party in the hope of conciliating support at the impending election. Perhaps in their own interest they were well advised. The popularity which may be earned by advocacy of household suffrage belongs to Mr. TREVELYAN and his friends in the first place, and secondly to the well-disciplined party which has wheeled round at the command of Lord HARTINGTON. Conservative county members could hardly venture to offend the farmers, who naturally regard with suspicion proposals for depriving them of electoral power. Perhaps some of the small boroughs may have sufficient sagacity to foresee the inevitable extinction of their privileges as soon as uniformity of suffrage is established. On the whole, more is to be got by voting for the new franchise than by considering the interest of the community; but the gain is already secured by the Liberal party; and the Conservatives must be content with any accidental advantage which may result from their adherence to their own convictions.

SIR BARTLE FRERE'S POLICY.

THE additional papers on South African affairs supply little further information as to the causes and purpose of the war. It is now admitted that the annexation of the Transvaal has produced unfortunate results. The Zulu King had up to that time cultivated the friendship of the English; and he habitually described Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE as his father. Since the first occupation of Natal by the English there had never been a boundary dispute with the Zulus; who, on the other hand, constantly complained of the encroachments of the Boers of the Transvaal. They had more than once urged the Government of Natal to take possession of the disputed territory, so that Zululand should no longer be conterminous with the Transvaal. They were also willing to accept the arbitration of the Natal Government as to the frontier; and it is to be regretted that some settlement or compromise was not effected while friendly relations still subsisted. The English authorities probably doubted the willingness of the Government of the Republic to accept their mediation; and for that or other reasons the question has long remained open. The Zulu King and his chiefs were naturally surprised when they found that their patron had assumed the government of the Transvaal; and their alarm seemed to be justified when Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE discovered in the archives of Pretoria new evidence of the title of the Dutch settlers in the district claimed by CETEWAYO. It appears that the KING had, in fact, made some kind of cession of the land; and the validity of the conveyance was one of the questions submitted to the Border Commission which was at last appointed, consisting exclusively of Englishmen. After full inquiry, the Commissioners reported that CETEWAYO had no power to alienate a part of Zulu territory without the assent of his chiefs. Their award was substantially in favour of the Zulus; and it was, after some attempt to advance further pretensions, accepted by the representatives of CETEWAYO. Sir BARTLE FRERE has been violently attacked by the editor of the *Fortnightly Review* for drawing a distinction between sovereignty and proprietary right; but, if the dispute had been raised between two civilized States, the rights of private owners would undoubtedly have been protected. It was not, in principle, unreasonable to stipulate that the Dutch settlers should either receive compensation or retain their farms on the unacceptable condition of becoming subjects of CETEWAYO. It must nevertheless be remembered that Europeans cannot in practice live under the rule of an uncivilized chief. Sir BARTLE FRERE's reservation probably dissatisfied the Boers; but if it had stood alone, it would not have furnished the Zulus with a just cause of complaint.

Unfortunately Sir BARTLE FRERE had irrevocably determined to abate the military organization which in his judgment formed a constant menace to the English possessions. In addition to the danger of invasion which, if it were real, might justify strong measures of defence and of precaution, Sir BARTLE FRERE has persuaded himself of the moral right and duty of coercing barbarians into moral and social improvement. In one of his despatches he taunts opponents who would leave savage neighbours alone with their supposed adop-

tion of the first recorded disclaimer of responsibility in the phrase "Am I my brother's keeper?" The partisans of peace might perhaps reply that they at least had not produced the condition of things which required explanation. Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE arrives at the same conclusion on historical or judicial grounds. In an elaborate narrative he explains how the Boers had reduced one of CETEWAYO's predecessors to a state of dependence; and he argues that the Governments of Natal and of the Transvaal have inherited their title to sovereignty. Delegates from Natal attended the ceremony which corresponds to a coronation at the request of CETEWAYO himself; and it was to them that he made promises of administrative reform which have not been performed. It is therefore, as Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE argues, justifiable both to exact the redemption of pledges and to enforce compliance with the reasonable suggestions of the superior Power. Sir H. BULWER remarks that no claim of the kind has been preferred during CETEWAYO's reign, and that he probably never supposed that he had made himself a vassal of the English Government. On the whole, the HIGH COMMISSIONER's simple and comprehensive doctrine is preferable to Sir T. SHEPSTONE's elaborate apology for intervention. It may often be justifiable not only to give good advice to a barbarous potentate, but to place upon him a pressure which may induce him to listen to salutary counsels. The advantage to be conferred must always be balanced against the sacrifices which may be imposed on the benefactor and on the recipient of his bounty. The English nation is ordinarily not disinclined to incur a reasonable cost for the advancement of humanity and civilization; but, if the disaster already incurred in Zululand could have been foreseen, there would have been no dissent from the conclusion that the loss of three or four hundred English soldiers was too high a price to pay for the reform of the Zulu constitution.

In a Memorandum of December 16, Sir H. BULWER concurs in the decision of Sir BARTLE FREERE that the relations with the Zulu KING and people should be placed on a more definite footing, "and also in the conditions" which his Excellency has laid down, and which have "been communicated to the Zulu KING, and which are "conditions for the better government of the Zulu people, "and for their great advantage, and conditions also which "it may be said are indispensable for securing peace in "this part of South Africa." But for this passage it might have been doubted whether Sir H. BULWER has at any time approved of the war; but he could not fail to understand that the ultimatum to which he refers would certainly be rejected by the Zulu KING. Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, who agrees more heartily with Sir BARTLE FREERE, remarks that the disbandment of the army, the removal of the restrictions on marriage, and the establishment of a Resident in Zululand, "involve the extinction "of the Zulu power as it now is, and the attempt to "adopt them must, if decided upon, be made with "the knowledge that the Zulu chief will oppose them, "whatever course the headmen and common people may "adopt." In the Memorandum which has been quoted Sir H. BULWER asserts that "it is due to the Zulus to say "that, until the Transvaal troubles came, their conduct "towards us was, as I believe, never otherwise than "friendly." The maintenance of friendly relations involved a condonation on the part of the English Government of the alleged offences which appear to Sir BARTLE FREERE to demand immediate redress. It is not known that CETEWAYO has in his internal government violated his coronation promises more flagrantly in the later than in the earlier years of his reign. The indignation which his acts of violence have provoked is in any case excessive. The guilt of breach of promise consists in deception; and no one was deceived by the persistence of the Zulu KING in the practices of his country. One of the delegates whom he sent to hear the frontier award pertinently asked whether the Zulus had ever complained of the grievances which were supposed to have been suffered by the population. If it had been thought worth while to form new engagements, CETEWAYO would perhaps have been willing to promise further reforms. That he should at the same time abdicate, and reduce his nation into fragments by disbanding the army which is identical with the State, could not be expected, nor was it expected by Sir BARTLE FREERE.

The ultimatum and the proclamation of war rendered it impossible to profit by any internal dissensions which may

have existed among the Zulus. Although CETEWAYO is stigmatized as a bloodthirsty despot, the Zulu Government is for some purposes a limited monarchy, not unlike Homeric institutions. It would seem that the KING may kill his subjects at his pleasure, but his foreign policy requires the assent of his chiefs; and, as the boundary Commissioners ruled, he cannot without the approval of his Council alienate national territory. Several English and native agents rightly or wrongly informed the Government that some of the Zulu chiefs proposed to enforce on the KING compliance with some of the HIGH COMMISSIONER's demands. More especially they were prepared to insist on the surrender of the offenders who had violated English territory, on the ground that their father SIRAYO was not of royal blood. It was impossible that they should assent openly to the disbandment of the army; but it seems that the peace and prosperity enjoyed by the large Zulu population of Natal has produced among some of their independent countrymen a preference for English institutions over their own wild customs. The invasion of Zululand must have effectually suppressed any show of disaffection to the KING; and the victory of his troops must have consolidated his power. It appears that CETEWAYO himself was not unwilling to negotiate, though it is possible that, as Sir BARTLE FREERE at once assumed, his only object may have been to gain time for preparation. Some native messengers reported that the KING seemed to be almost in tears when he talked of war, and he more than once declared that he would not oppose the English columns if only they would abstain from erecting fortifications in his country. It could not be expected that he would abide by such announcements of peaceable intentions; nor can he in any way be blamed for doing his utmost to crush the invaders. As the collision has unhappily taken place, it will probably be necessary to continue the war until the Zulu organization is no longer dangerous. Even the deposition of CETEWAYO may perhaps become necessary for political reasons; but he will be entitled to the most liberal treatment which is consistent with the security of the colonists, as he has never given any reasonable cause of offence.

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

THE debate on Mr. FAWCETT's motion kept shifting between the two subjects of the embarrassments of Indian finance and the powers of the Indian Council. Theoretically there is some doubt as to the powers and duties of the Indian Council. The language of the Acts which assume to define the position of the Council is not very clear, and is perhaps conflicting. But practically the sphere of the Council is plainly marked out. The vast routine business of India, so far as it comes under the notice of the Home Government at all, is managed by the Secretary of State and his Council. The experience of the members of the Council enables them to advise the Secretary of State to make some suggestions and occasionally to check him. He might overrule them, but he does not. He lets them decide, and their habitual vigilance and occasional firmness procure them the gratifying consciousness that they know how the money spent in India is spent, and that sometimes less is spent there than would be spent but for their controlling power. On the other hand, the Secretary of State has another controlling power with regard to ordinary business, that of Parliament itself, and the interference of Parliament is almost always exercised in the direction of making him spend what he does not wish to spend. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has himself been Secretary for India, and he was drawing on his own painful recollections when he painted to the House the sorrows of a Minister who is outvoted when some one takes up the cause of some of his friends in India and gets all his friends in Parliament to support him with a noble disregard both of party ties and of India itself. The Council sometimes makes the Secretary spend less in the way of ordinary outlay, and the House sometimes makes him spend more than he wishes, and this is all the control to which he is subjected. As to all extraordinary outlay, as to the vast sums dependent on a policy shaped in one way or the other, he is entirely his own master, so far as any one member of a Cabinet can be his own master. His Council have no more to do with his proceedings than if they were doorkeepers at the India Office. Parliament is indifferent to what he does; for either his

action is not made a party question, and then no one is interested in the debate, or it is made a party question, and then he uses his Parliamentary majority. The only real check on him besides that of his own honest wish to govern well, which successive Secretaries for India have invariably displayed, is the fear that he may have to throw some new burden on the English taxpayer, or that, if he avoids this, he may alarm the holders of Indian securities. As long as he can borrow enough to make India, as it is termed, pay for itself, and so long as he can borrow what he wants at four per cent., he is beyond criticism.

There are persons who do not think this right. Some of them look back with fond regret to the days of the East India Company, and imagine that a valuable check on the QUEEN'S Government was exercised by that august body. It was independent, and had a real constituency, and so was not afraid of Ministers, and could thwart them in the interests of India. In real life it was far from independent, for it always had to be thinking of the renewal of its Charter, and if it thwarted Ministers it thought it would not get its Charter renewed. Anyhow, it is dead and gone, and it is entirely impossible, and would be extremely undesirable, to replace it. The ordinary business of India was, on the whole, carried on well under it, but not so well as it has been carried on since the Company ceased to rule. If the East India Company cannot be replaced, it is suggested that the Indian Council might have effectual powers of control given it. It might be able to stop any expenditure of which it disapproved. This would certainly subject the Secretary of State to sufficient interference. The Council would be a Parliament, and would decide the whole policy of England towards India; for the Secretary could undertake nothing unless he was sure of his Council voting the necessary funds. And not only would the Council be a Parliament, but it would be a totally unmanageable Parliament; for the Secretary could not dissolve it, and could never frighten his opponents in it by calling on them to take office, and show how badly they would govern. It is useless to discuss the inconveniences of such a state of things, as it is quite certain that the House of Commons would never tolerate it. The House wishes to be the ultimate court of appeal in every department of government, and will bear no rival near its throne. The only possible check on the Secretary of State is that of a standing Committee of the House on Indian affairs. This would be a tolerably effective check; for the Committee would get to know so much about India, and its members would speak with so much authority, that the Secretary would always feel that he was acting under supervision. At the same time his Parliamentary majority would enable him to set the Committee at defiance when he thought proper. That the existence of such a Committee might be beneficial to India is not improbable; but there are two very serious objections to it. Secretaries of State would dislike it, for it would add to their labours and lessen their powers; and each successive Ministry would therefore object to it and decline to accept it. In the next place, it would be a step towards a great change in English Parliamentary government. The basis of this system is that the majority gets its man into a place, and backs him up in whatever he may do. The majority thus secures real power to its leaders. But, if a Committee sat to watch the conduct of the head of a department, his power, and thus the power of the majority, would be obviously lessened. It is difficult to see how government by Committees and government by assured Parliamentary majorities can be reconciled.

If, then, there is to be no direct check on the Secretary of State, the only indirect additional check that can be imagined is that of increased discussion of Indian matters in English publications. No one has done nearly so much as Mr. FAWCETT to provoke and sustain this discussion, and whether they agree with him or not, his critics of all parties recognize the industry, the candour, and the lucidity with which he discharges the task he has undertaken. There are also many signs that those who now write on Indian matters expect to find, what was wanting to them before, a public that will read what they write. At present, however, English readers must own that their main impression is that no Indian subject ever gets threshed out. It is most difficult to know whether those who write on opposite sides are writing about the same thing or not. We may take as an example the financial consequences of the Afghan war. It is said, on the one hand, that Lord SANDHURST calculated the per-

manent annual cost of extending our frontier at three millions, and that Sir HENRY NORMAN calculates it at a million and a half. Lord BEACONSFIELD, on the other hand, offered us the brilliant prospect that, by getting a scientific frontier, we could guard it with five thousand men, while it would take a hundred thousand to guard an unscientific frontier. These seem at first statements that cannot be reconciled. We appear to be in for a very bad thing or a very good thing. But doubts arise directly we begin to look closely into the matter. We must begin by allowing for the inevitable exaggeration of persons who make sweeping statements. Perhaps Lord SANDHURST and Sir HENRY NORMAN would have knocked off a part of their large figures if they had understood that only a little bit of Afghanistan was to be annexed. Perhaps Lord BEACONSFIELD would not have been particular as to ten thousand men or so if he had been pressed. Let us, however, assume that, for some years at least, it will cost us something to hold what we choose to take of Afghanistan; and nothing can be more absurd than to conclude that, because our forces have as yet met with no concerted opposition, there would be no cost and difficulty in holding what we take. Supposing, for the sake of argument, we put this cost at a million sterling a year. How are we to know that this will be a million more for India to pay? It may, for all outsiders can tell, be quite possible to save a million sterling in the general cost of the army, if that is the sum that represents the extra force which we were obliged to maintain to guard against Russian aggression. It may be replied that we never kept any extra force for this purpose, and that all the men we had were wanted to confront the armies of the native princes. If this is so, it is obvious that, until these armies are lessened, we can make no reduction in our own forces; and all Indian authorities concur in thinking that the only great improvement in Indian finance that can be hoped for lies in the possible reduction of the military charges. If we seek to lessen our own expenditure by inducing the native princes to moderate their military ambition, it can scarcely be contested that it will be easier to exercise the necessary pressure now that the princes are convinced that there is no neighbouring Power to encourage them in disaffection. Perhaps there may be some answer to this. But what we have to regret is that those who write and speak of India will never argue any point fairly out to the end. Officials make a comforting statement, and independent critics make an alarmist statement, and the English public is left to add the two statements together and make out of the addition whatever sum it fancies.

THE NAVY ESTIMATES.

NO little satisfaction has been expressed at the fact that the Navy Estimates show a considerable reduction when compared, not only with those which were submitted for the current financial year, but also with the Estimates for 1877-78. Unfortunately, it is clear that, owing to the Zulu war, the sum set down for the transport of troops must be exceeded, and probably it will be greatly exceeded. The Admiralty, however, is in no way responsible for a contingency which could scarcely have been foreseen; and, whatever may be thought of the wisdom of some of the proposed diminutions, it must be admitted that the present rulers at Whitehall seem to be in earnest about economy. The total sum put down for the coming financial year is 10,586,894*l.* For 1877-78 and 1878-79 the Estimates were respectively 10,971,829*l.* and 11,053,901*l.*; and there is therefore a reduction of 384,935*l.* as against the first of these two years, and of 467,007*l.* as against the second. These figures, however, do not at all represent the reduction which it was hoped might be made, inasmuch as during the current financial year there have been supplementary estimates amounting to the large sum of 1,076,000*l.*, so that the net decrease is—subject, of course, to the alteration which may be caused by the war in South Africa—1,543,007*l.*, when the proposed expenditure is compared with that of 1878-79. It was to be expected that there would be a considerable diminution, as, owing to well-known causes, a very large outlay was necessary last year; but probably, even when allowance was made for this fact, so large a reduction in the Estimates was not anticipated. That it is most welcome cannot be denied. With a coming deficit, and

with trade in a state of almost unexampled depression, a department which is able to announce that it can lighten the charges which taxpayers have to meet undoubtedly tells very pleasant news. Still it must not be forgotten that a high price sometimes has to be paid for economy; and least of all should this often despised truism be overlooked now, when the results of ill-judged parsimony are so painfully evident. The navy has suffered greatly in past times from a determination on the part of the Admiralty to effect retrenchment because it happened for the time being to be popular. Although peace is not now visibly endangered, as it was last year, the present is certainly not a moment for repeating this error; and the proposed reductions, gratifying as they may be, should be carefully examined to see whether they are not in part due to a resolve to effect a diminution of cost at all hazards. There is certainly one of them which it is not altogether easy to reconcile with a due regard for the future efficiency of the navy.

We refer to the large reduction to be made in the number of boys who are to be trained or employed in the fleet. Last year it was stated that there would be, either on service with the fleet, or under instruction in training ships, a total number of 6,300. In the coming year there are only to be 5,300; and this decrease should assuredly receive attention, though perhaps at first sight its importance may not be realized. This, however, can hardly fail to be understood when the system under which the navy is now manned is remembered. All the best man-of-war sailors employed on active service afloat are men who from youth have been trained in the navy, nor are any others nearly so well qualified to man the QUEEN'S ships. Sailors no longer change from the Royal Navy to the merchant service and *vice versa*, as was formerly the case; and though merchant seamen may be of some use in the Naval Reserve, they are, as a rule, only in a small degree competent for service on board men-of-war. The crews of the vessels in a fleet should always, if possible, consist in great part of men who have been drilled from boyhood in the navy. It would be just as hopeful to try to turn labourers rapidly into highly skilled artisans as to attempt to train rapidly man-of-war sailors; and it is therefore clearly of the highest importance that the number of boys who are being prepared for their work on board training ships, or by service in the fleet, should not be hastily diminished. The boys now in the navy represent the future seamen on whom the country will have to rely, and if for the sake of presenting plausible Estimates to the House of Commons a large reduction should be made in their numbers, it may be found at some future time that the supply of properly qualified seamen is inadequate, and an evil of the gravest possible kind may thus result from the determination to make a small temporary gain. The Admiralty may have good reasons for the course they are pursuing, but certainly these should be clearly stated. From the Estimates for 1878-79 it appears that the number of boys in the service was not increased last year, but was the same as it had been in the preceding year. Why it is now reduced by nearly a sixth is not easy to understand, and it is worthy of notice that only 10,324*l.* is saved by this step, of which the consequences may be to diminish at a future time the strength of the navy by several vessels.

The other reductions shown by the Estimates seem large, even when allowance is made for the unusual expenditure of last year; but very possibly they are not greater than can be justified. Dockyards are to cost 111,140*l.* less; naval stores, 352,000*l.* less; machinery and ships built by contract, 310,000*l.* less. The extensive preparations for possible war made last spring, owing to which only a comparatively small amount of stores are now wanted, accounts for the saving under the first of these two heads; and that under the latter is probably due to the fact that a large amount of contract work was paid for last year, contractors having received altogether no less than 1,152,000*l.* In the estimated cost of victuals and clothing there is also a considerable decrease; but, strange to say, there is a slight increase in the wages of seamen and marines, although the total number is to be reduced from 60,000 to 58,800. In the Estimate for the Coastguard Service and for the Naval Reserve there is the large reduction of 142,817*l.*; but here, of course, a considerable decrease was to be expected.

On the whole, then, the economy of the Admiralty has

been such as was to be anticipated, and certainly there does not seem to have been any lack of care in cutting down expenditure. As we have indicated, this seems in one respect to have been carried too far; and very possibly the Estimates generally have been framed under the influence of too strong a desire to retrench. A comparison of the work which, according to the Estimates for 1878-79, was to be done in the dockyards with that which is to be carried on during the coming year shows a considerable difference, and it must be remembered that last year the Admiralty purchased four ironclads, and that therefore a far larger addition was made to the strength of the navy than that described in the Estimates. The difference which does appear in the statements of the dockyard work to be done in the two years may be very shortly given. In 1878-79 the tons weight of hull to be built—to use the language of the Admiralty—was 13,568. In 1879-80 it is to be 12,151, or 1,417 tons less. In the first-named period forty-six vessels were to be advanced or completed. The number put down for the second is thirty-seven. It should be added that, apparently, the construction of no new ship whatever is to be begun at the dockyards during the financial year.

Although, as we have said, it may be feared that there has been too great an anxiety to effect a large reduction in the charges for the navy, it has not unnaturally been expected that, after the preparations of last year, there would be a considerable reduction in naval expenditure, now that peace seems to be assured. Nevertheless it may be safely asserted that, notwithstanding the fact that a war with Russia, which last year certainly seemed not impossible, is now extremely improbable, the present is not a time for making a substantial diminution in the number of men-of-war which are to be constructed, or for relaxing the constant effort which should be maintained to build, without too much regard for cost, the most effective vessels that can possibly be set afloat. If we are willing to pause awhile, other States will only become the more active; and the unrelenting nature of the struggle is shown by the fact that vessels are now in course of construction for a foreign Government which will much exceed in strength the greatest man-of-war that this country can possess for some years to come. We allude, as need hardly be said, to the enormous ironclads now being built in Italy. Of the *Duilio* and *Dandolo* it is unnecessary to speak, as they have often been described; but it must not be forgotten that no English man-of-war carries, or is intended to carry, such heavy guns, and it is certainly somewhat startling to find that even these ironclads will be surpassed by the *Lepanto* and *Italia*. What the size and power of these vessels will be can best be shown by comparing them with the *Inflexible*, which is, as need hardly be said, the most powerful of English war-ships. The displacement of this vessel is 11,500 tons, her engines are of 8,000 horse-power, she will carry four 81-ton guns, and what naval architects call her vital parts are protected by twenty-four inches of iron plating. Each of the Italian ironclads will be of 13,200 tons displacement, will carry an armament of four 100-ton guns, and will have engines, scarcely credible as it may seem, of 18,000 horse-power. Their turrets, which alone will be protected by armour, will be covered with steel plates of thirty inches in thickness. These vessels will therefore considerably exceed the greatest English man-of-war in offensive power, in speed, and in defensive power, so far as regards their batteries. They are also said to be superior in another respect, as it is supposed that, notwithstanding their enormous horse-power, they will be able, owing to a peculiar arrangement of their engines, to carry enough coal to last them for a considerable period; but it remains to be seen whether the calculations of the Italian naval architects on this point are correct. That one of these ships would be able to capture or sink the *Inflexible*, supposing both vessels to be fought with equal skill and courage, seems but too probable; and it is certainly mortifying to Englishmen to know that at no very distant period such a country as Italy will possess ships far stronger than the most mighty of English ironclads. It is, no doubt, quite possible that the construction of these gigantic war-ships may prove to be a mistake. There are great objections to such enormous vessels, and very likely a perfectly right conclusion was come to at the Admiralty when it was held that the limit of size had been reached in the *Inflexible*. Still the enterprise which has been displayed by the Italians should not be overlooked, as it shows how much pains are

taken, and how great an expenditure is incurred, to obtain one kind of naval predominance, and how little we can afford to fall behind in rivalry. If by some unhappy contingency Italy became the ally of another country in a war with us, the appearance of the *Lepanto* and *Italia* in the Channel might lead men to reflect with some bitterness on the economical Estimates of past years.

M. WADDINGTON AND HIS COLLEAGUES.

M. WADDINGTON has invented a new form of Ministerial responsibility, and one which has the advantage that it enables a Prime Minister to shed his colleagues one after the other without being himself the worse for the operation. We have long been familiar with analogous processes in the insect world, but their application to politics promises to be productive of some inconvenience. When M. WADDINGTON took office under M. GRÉVY, it was supposed that his presence at the head of affairs afforded a guarantee that the Government would be carried on on certain ascertained principles. The Cabinet was composed of men differing, no doubt, in some respects among themselves, but agreeing in a general readiness to go as far as the Prime Minister and no farther. Under this system the country at least knew what it had got in the way of a Government. It might like or dislike M. WADDINGTON's views, but it felt no doubt that his views would determine the character alike of the legislation and of the administration for which he and his colleagues were jointly responsible. Since M. DE MARCÈRE's resignation, or rather since the action of the Cabinet which led to his resignation, no one can feel this any longer. M. WADDINGTON has apparently no objection to retaining a Minister against whom very damaging charges have been brought, and the reason of his indifference is that, if the charges are adopted by a majority of the deputies, he is quite ready to throw the Minister overboard. He holds his judgment as regards his accused colleague completely in suspense until the Chamber has condemned or acquitted him. The moment that an adverse verdict has been pronounced, he expects the accused man to make things pleasant by placing his resignation in his hands. Until then M. WADDINGTON is quite willing to let him go on in the character of a Minister on bail.

This is precisely what has happened in the case of M. DE MARCÈRE. He is accused of attempting to screen the police against the just consequences of offences committed in the pretended discharge of their duty. Except to the persons alleged to have been injured by these wrongful acts, it does not much matter whether the charges were true or false. The complaint against M. DE MARCÈRE is that he was wrong either way. If they were true, the police ought to have been exposed and punished. If they were false, they ought to have been protected against unjust attack. M. DE MARCÈRE, according to M. CLÉMENTEAU, took neither course. He simply tried to hush things up. When evidence in support of the case against the police was given by some of their own companions, he did not take care that it was rebutted by other evidence; he only dismissed the witnesses from the force. The Left felt, naturally enough, that to a party which has before now been engaged in open conflict with the Executive, and may be so engaged again, this state of things was exceedingly inconvenient. They could not afford to distrust the police as completely as they would have to distrust them if these scandals were not cleared up. They determined therefore to attack M. DE MARCÈRE in the Chamber. At this point the hesitation of M. DE MARCÈRE seems to have been imparted to his colleagues. The circumstances seemed to make M. WADDINGTON's part in the matter perfectly unmistakable. The charges brought by the Left against M. DE MARCÈRE, like the charges brought against the police, were direct and intelligible in the highest degree. Either M. DE MARCÈRE had done what he was accused of doing or he had not. If he had done it, he was obviously worse than useless as a colleague. If he had not done it, it should have been easy to convince the Chamber that the charges were false. M. WADDINGTON had only to satisfy himself on this one point to be quite certain what he ought to do. If he thought M. DE MARCÈRE to blame, he should have asked for his resignation. If he thought M. DE MARCÈRE guiltless, he should have covered him with the buckler of Ministerial solidarity. Strange to say, M. WADDINGTON did neither.

He allowed M. DE MARCÈRE to remain in the Cabinet; but when the interpellation came on, he insisted on his telling the Chamber that, if they condemned him, he would fall alone. My colleagues, M. DE MARCÈRE was made to say, care nothing about my fate. You can censure me as freely as you like. It will involve no inconvenient consequences either to you or to the Cabinet. When the case was thus stated, the Chamber could hardly do other than vote with M. CLÉMENTEAU. If an accused Minister has not succeeded in persuading his own colleagues that he is innocent, it is natural, and even reasonable, that the Legislature which has less knowledge of the facts to begin with, and fewer means of making that knowledge greater, should decline in its turn to be persuaded. M. DE MARCÈRE's explanations were passed over without remark in the order of the day, and he himself at once resigned his office.

M. WADDINGTON may have fondly hoped that his position would be unaffected by this result. Indeed, it may almost be said that he must have thought this, as, on any other hypothesis, his conduct admits of no explanation. By this time probably he has found out his mistake. The fact that he saw no objection to retaining in his Cabinet a Minister who had no more satisfactory defence of his conduct to offer than that which M. DE MARCÈRE produced in the Chamber has made him in a sense responsible for his colleague's acts. If he does not do these things himself, he, at least, feels no displeasure towards them that do them. The impression made on the Left by the whole affair must have been that M. WADDINGTON's only objection to M. DE MARCÈRE's conduct rested on the fact that he had been found out. He might have gone on winking at the sins of the police as long as he liked, if the movement of his eyelids had not been detected. This, in itself, is an unfortunate reputation for a Prime Minister to bear. M. WADDINGTON had better have defended M. DE MARCÈRE to the last than made his retention of him conditional on his obtaining an acquittal from the Chamber. In the former case he might have been supposed to think him innocent in spite of the evidence; in the latter case he plainly suspected that he was guilty, and yet was quite prepared to retain him in the Cabinet, whether innocent or not, provided that he could do so without getting into hot water with the Legislature. This is not the only blunder which M. WADDINGTON has made. The position which he and his colleagues occupy at this moment is a peculiar one. They have succeeded to power in the character of heirs-general of M. DUFAYRE. When M. GRÉVY was elected in place of Marshal MACMAHON there was a momentary uncertainty whether the then Cabinet should make way for one which more accurately represented the Parliamentary majority. It was wisely determined that the experiment of a thoroughly moderate Cabinet should be tried first; that M. DUFAYRE, and, when M. DUFAYRE retired, M. WADDINGTON, should present their measures to the Chamber, and ascertain whether they were such as the majority were willing to support. The wisdom of this determination depended, however, on the consistency of the Ministerial programme. It is by comparison a matter of very little moment whether any particular Cabinet stands or falls. What is really important is that the country should learn to identify a particular policy with particular men; that the electors should know that, with M. WADDINGTON in office, such and such measures are to be looked for, and that, with M. CLÉMENTEAU in office, such and such other measures are to be looked for. If the tactics which have been followed in the case of M. DE MARCÈRE are to be the rule in all similar cases, no such identification will be possible. The country will never know what policy the Cabinet means to pursue, because it will never know from day to day of what materials the Cabinet is likely to be made up. The majority in the Chamber will have nothing to do but to manifest their displeasure with any particular Minister, and that Minister will be at once abandoned to their wrath. A majority which has the virtual right of dismissing individual Ministers necessarily comes to have the virtual right of appointing individual Ministers. It is of no use to fill the vacancy with a man who is equally certain with his predecessor to be dismissed before mastering the contents of his portfolio. The very idea of a Ministerial policy must gradually die out, and be replaced by a system in which the majority confides the execution of its will to a number of agents bound together by no intelligible tie, and responsible for nothing except their own individual acts. This is a system which must in the end destroy the

party which adopts it. Whether the French electors are as radical as some people suppose, or as moderate as other people suppose, it is certain that they are either one or the other. They know what it is they want, and they would like to know who the men are that will give them what they want. It is necessary for this purpose that a Cabinet should leave the country in no doubt as to what it will do and what it will not do. If it once clears up all uncertainty on this point, it matters little whether it retains power or loses it. The electors know where to lay their hands on its members when they want them again, and when this end is obtained, all has been done that can be done to secure the realization of the national wishes.

THE ARMY.

COLONEL STANLEY'S explanation of the fact that even the half-dozen regiments sent out to Natal had to be largely made up by volunteers amounts to this, that, under the existing system as at present administered, this necessity will occur if no measures are taken to prevent it. This is really no explanation at all. Regiments are not self-filling, like kitchen boilers; and it is quite intelligible that it may be, on the whole, convenient to have the skeletons of a large number of battalions rather than the flesh and blood of a smaller number. It may be better, when a sudden demand comes, to have ten regiments which have been suffered to fall short of their full strength by half than to have five regiments which have been kept up at their full strength. In the first case, the recruits are at once brought into contact with trained soldiers; in the second, they are all raw soldiers together. But no complaint has been made, so far as we know, against this feature of our military system. All that has been contended is that a certain minimum of regiments should be exempted from its operation. Lord CRANBROOK was so far alive to the necessity of such an exemption that he promised that the eighteen regiments first on the roster for foreign service should be kept really fit for service. It is plain that there need be no difficulty in carrying out this promise, because all that is required is that, as each regiment comes to any of the first eighteen places on the roster, it should be treated as though it were actually ordered on foreign service. Any deficiency in its numbers or equipment should at once be made good, and it should be placed in that condition of perfect preparation and efficiency in which in theory all the regiments of so small an army as ours, and in practice at least a reasonable proportion of them, ought to be maintained. Both Colonel MURE and Sir HENRY HAVELOCK referred to the assurance given by Lord CRANBROOK; but upon this head Colonel STANLEY had apparently nothing to say. At all events, if he had, he took care not to say it. If it is the short service system which is to blame, it is strange that Lord CRANBROOK did not say so last year. He apparently saw no difficulty in keeping the first eighteen regiments on the roster in a state of constant preparation, and it would have been only natural if Colonel STANLEY had enumerated the unforeseen difficulties which had started up since he succeeded to Lord CRANBROOK's duties. As it was, he neither enumerated them nor said that there were none to enumerate; and from this entire silence on the subject it seems not unreasonable to infer that Colonel STANLEY knew that he had had reasons for what he did, and knew at the same time that they were not exactly presentable.

What these reasons really were may be guessed perhaps from a passage in Colonel STANLEY'S speech referring to the number of the Volunteers. If, he said, the House insisted on diminished Estimates, a Minister of War must either limit the number of Volunteers or reduce the regular army; and so it may be supposed he is of opinion that, if the House insists on diminished Estimates, a Minister of War must give it half-battalions instead of whole ones. But what right has Colonel STANLEY to say that the House of Commons does desire diminished Estimates? Hitherto Conservatives have always asserted that one cause of the downfall of the late Government was its inability to understand that Englishmen wished the safety and honour of the country to be maintained, and were quite willing to bear the cost of maintaining them. What has happened since last year to change the Ministerial tone? Is it that the Government have discovered that they were mistaken in their diagnosis

of the disease which proved fatal to Mr. GLADSTONE'S administration? Or is it that they believe that Englishmen have changed their minds on this point, and, so long as they can get retrenchment, are quite prepared to accept inefficiency along with it? Neither admission, it may be admitted, would be a pleasant one for a Government to have to make; but, unless one or other of them is made, Colonel STANLEY'S theory about the determination of the House of Commons to insist on diminished Estimates cannot be sustained. Perhaps a truer account of the matter would be, that, though the Government are not at all uneasy about this House of Commons, they are not quite comfortable about the next. It was electors, not members, that Colonel STANLEY had in view when he snipped off an item here and an item there, with the result, not so much of effecting any substantial saving as of preventing the vast sums that will still have to be spent from giving us that completely efficient and constantly prepared army corps to which our ambition is limited. If this is the motive which has brought about Colonel STANLEY'S retrenchments, he may be quite sure that his efforts will come to nothing. If the services are to be starved, the country will rather that they should be starved under a Liberal than under a Conservative Government. Given that the country is really tired of spending money upon national defence, and is once more hankering after a surplus, it will be much more likely to go for it to the party from which it obtained it before than to try to get it from a party which came into power on the opposite cry.

Colonel STANLEY'S policy, so far as he can be said to have a policy, seems to be to starve the Auxiliary forces. He cuts down the period of training for the Militia and Yeomanry, and he declares in effect that the Volunteers are rapidly becoming too much of a good thing. The determination indicated in his speech not to allow the Volunteer force to exceed its present limits would give more matter for regret than it does, if we could believe that Parliament would allow him to carry it out. The moment that new Volunteers are rejected, one of the chief ends for which the force was originally instituted falls to the ground. Over and above the number of men actually enrolled at any given time, it was supposed that a large proportion of the population would in time be passed through a rudimentary training in drill and shooting, and that in this way an informal Volunteer Reserve would be created, out of which, if the need should arise, the force might be largely and rapidly recruited. The more Volunteers there are at any given time, the greater will be the number of men who receive this minimum of training. Hitherto it has been supposed that, considering the smallness of the sum which each Volunteer costs the Government, and that even this sum is not paid except upon conditions of efficiency prescribed by the Government, it would be better to have 300,000 Volunteers than 200,000, and 600,000 than 300,000. Colonel STANLEY'S doctrine takes no notice of this proportion between what the Government get and what they give. Each Volunteer is regarded simply as an additional item in the capitation grant, and consequently as a possible occasion for a reduction in the Estimates. The only thing that can be said in defence of the proposal is that it is less obviously absurd than the reduction in the period of training for the Militia and Yeomanry. The fewer Volunteers there are, the less will be the cost to the country; whereas the less the amount of training given to the Militia, the less the country gets in return for the money which will still have to be spent on it.

Colonel STANLEY'S inventiveness would be better exercised on the problem how to keep men in the regular army than how to keep them out of the Volunteer army. Judging by the little discussion in the House of Lords on Tuesday night, the Government have come to regard desertion with a calm regret which does more credit to their philosophy than to their energy. From this point of view, they are perhaps wise in declining to adopt any automatic means of detecting deserters. If nothing can be done to make the army more attractive, it may be better not to make deserters too easy of recognition. The principle might even be carried out a little further, and no record kept of their numbers. It is difficult for any one not connected with the War Office to share the indifference with which desertion seems to be there regarded. It is seldom that there is much to be said in favour of those inquiries which have so often been

resorted to by the present Government; but in this case there is real ground for investigation. A strong Select Committee could hardly be better employed than in investigating, with closed doors if need be, what it is that makes the army unpopular.

LORD CHELMSFORD'S DESPATCH.

IT is a trite remark to say that the publication of the despatch from Lord Chelmsford so anxiously looked for has created profound disappointment. In one respect, indeed, the halting narrative of the General gives a full explanation of what passed. We can perceive that there was extreme negligence, and that the news of the disaster produced almost a panic among the survivors, clearly pictured in this incoherent letter written several days afterwards. Yet it is easy to be wise after the event. No one appears to have anticipated the vigour and address of the enemy; and, although more caution and intelligence may fairly be required of the responsible head of an army than of any one else, still what has happened should in fairness be judged rather by our lights before the disaster than by what we know now. It was not a reasonable supposition that five hundred European soldiers, properly posted and handled, would not be able to hold their own against any number of the enemy; and therefore, supposing proper precautions to have been taken, it does not appear that there was any culpable rashness in the mere leaving the camp with a portion of the force, and making the reconnaissance during which the disaster happened. If so much could not be dared, then clearly we had no business to be taking the offensive at all, or thinking about war. But, when all this is said, still unless the narrator of the tale does great injustice to himself, the conduct of the brief campaign seems to have been truly pitiable.

On the 20th of January the whole of Colonel Glyn's command, accompanied by the General, began the invasion of Zululand, moving from Yorke's Drift to Insalwana or Isandula, ten miles, the scene of the massacre. On the same day Lord Chelmsford himself made a reconnaissance ten miles further, returning to the new camp at Insalwana in the evening. Early the next day, the 21st, two reconnoitring parties, one under Major Dartnell, of Mounted Police and Volunteers—presumably Europeans—and the other of native infantry, under Commandant Lonsdale, were sent out from the camp to reconnoitre the same ground by different routes, with orders to effect a junction, and to return to camp together. The reconnoitring party seem to have gone about ten miles only, for about three in the afternoon a staff officer brought back word that Major Dartnell had found the enemy in force in front of him, that he had got the two native battalions to join him, and he asked for three companies of Europeans to be sent out to reinforce him, when he would make the attack. The General, considering the hour too late for this, sent back a supply of biscuit instead of the reinforcement. It must be inferred from this that it was intended the reconnoitring party should have returned the same evening. In the middle of the night—that is, at 2.30 A.M.—a message was received from Major Dartnell that the enemy were in great force in front of him—a message which, we must presume, was sent off in the evening. Whereon the General, “feeling that the position was rather critical,” ordered Glyn to march out to the assistance of Dartnell with six companies of the 24th, four guns, and the mounted infantry. The General accompanied the detachment, first sending word to Colonel Durnford, who was then a few miles off, to hurry up to the camp with his levies, 500 in number, half of whom were mounted. The total force left in camp, including Durnford's column, consisted of 772 Europeans, including officers, and 851 natives, or over 1,600 men. Colonel Puleine of the 24th was left in command of the camp pending Durnford's arrival, and, Lord Chelmsford ambiguously adds, “received strict instructions that he was left there to defend it.” The General with the mounted escort reached Dartnell's bivouac about half-past six on the morning of the 22nd; whence we infer that this was not more than ten miles from the camp, if so much, and the reconnaissance being now pushed further, the enemy, who were beaten up, were driven back with some loss. What particular object Lord Chelmsford proposed to himself by thus dividing his forces and fighting an action with only a portion is not apparent; but so much is clear that the enemy up to this time must have been held cheap. At half-past nine news is brought from camp that heavy firing has been heard to its left front. We must conclude that this was Durnford's force engaged, but the General does not himself propose any solution. A staff-officer, sent up to a hill from which the camp could be seen, observed nothing with a powerful glass. Unfortunately the observation appears after a time to have been discontinued, and no attempt was made to open communication with the camp. Lord Chelmsford then fixed on a site to which to move the whole camp next day; after which, sending off one battalion of native infantry back to camp by a different route from that by which he had come out, and leaving the rest of the troops to bivouac on the site of the proposed new camp, he set off himself, with the mounted infantry, on the way back to the present camp at Insalwana.

Thus far there was not even a suspicion in the General's mind that anything was amiss, notwithstanding the heavy firing that had been heard in the morning; but, when within six miles of

Insalwana, he found the native battalion that had been sent on ahead halted, and shortly after Commandant Lonsdale, apparently the officer commanding it, rode up to report that he had ridden into camp, and had found it in possession of the Zulus. What Lonsdale saw Lord Chelmsford does not tell us, but it would appear from accounts in the Cape papers, and from the narrative in Thursday's *Times*, that Lonsdale rode on to the camp separately from his men, suddenly found himself attacked by a number of the enemy, and with difficulty made his retreat. How much he actually discovered of the state of things in the camp and told Lord Chelmsford, Lord Chelmsford does not tell us, but the idea suggested in that narrative, that the Zulus had dressed themselves up in the soldiers' red coats by way of laying an ambush for the returning force, may be dismissed as improbable. On receiving the news, Lord Chelmsford, sending back word to Glyn and his detachment to break up their bivouac, and join him, advanced two miles further and halted till the junction was effected, and then moved on in order of battle, the mounted men regulating their pace by that of the infantry. At one point progress was stopped in order that the artillery might shell the ground in advance, from which it may be inferred that the General knew by this time that all the troops in camp were dead, otherwise he would have been firing on his own men. Apparently the fire was directed on empty space, the Zulus having already decamped, but the extremity of caution had now succeeded the former rashness. Finally he “seized the position without opposition,” in other words marched into the camp now untenanted save by the dead, and there the force bivouacked, worn out from want of food and marching, and without any spare ammunition, fully expecting no doubt to suffer the same fate as had overtaken its defenders. Before daybreak a retreat was made to Rorke's Drift, where the depot of stores had been left, the little garrison of which had already made the now celebrated defence of their post, killing a great many of the enemy, and suffering no great loss themselves. Lord Chelmsford does not mention, what however has been gathered from other accounts, that during this march from Insalwana to Rorke's Drift, on the morning of the 23rd, a large body of Zulus, estimated at three or four thousand, passed across his front, neither side, however, offering battle. These must presumably have been the party which had made the unsuccessful attack on Chard's post. What Lord Chelmsford did on reaching Rorke's Drift he does not say; but apparently he continued his retreat with the little garrison to Helpmakaar, twelve miles in rear; it is to be hoped he succeeded in carrying off the stores with him.

As regards the fatal fight, even the elementary facts are not cleared up; but thus much may be gathered from other sources, that Colonel Durnford with his force, which arrived at Insalwana in the morning, pushed on about five miles in front, and found the enemy advancing on him in great strength, whereon he began to fall back, sending to camp for reinforcements. Durnford was senior to Puleine, and therefore, unless the latter had positive orders not to leave the camp, which appears from Lord Chelmsford's own admission extremely unlikely, he would be bound to comply with the requisition. Had Durnford fallen back on the camp, and the camp been placed in a state of defence with an impromptu rampart made of the waggons, according to the well-known Cape practice, there is no reason to suppose that the defenders would not have held it with ease, especially as one side of it was guarded by an impregnable hill. But certainly nothing in the General's proceedings—the first separation of two native battalions from the main body, and then the despatch of six companies of the 24th with four guns through an unknown region to join them, and the absence of any system of patrols between the different bodies thus detached from each other—was calculated to impress his subordinate officers with a spirit of reasonable caution. And Colonel Puleine seems to have moved out to meet the enemy, expecting no doubt to beat them off with ease, and to have broken up his men into detachments. “One company,” says Lord Chelmsford, “went off to the extreme left and has never been heard of since”; the remaining five “engaged the enemy about a mile to the left front of the camp.” Even then all might possibly have gone well if the troops had been true to themselves. It is usual to pass over as lightly as possible the rare cases of misbehaviour before the enemy which occur in the British army, but such an account as Lord Chelmsford gives allows of only one inference. There must have been a general panic and break up of our small force; some may have stayed to fight and sold their lives dearly, but others tried to escape, and as the rear was occupied by a strong body of Zulus—so writes an eyewitness—none of the fugitives on foot escaped. But the myth which has been built up by the newspapers on the first brief news, that the 24th died fighting to the last to a man and after inflicting tremendous slaughter on the enemy, must now be given up. No doubt, so long as they showed a firm front, their fire against men acting in dense masses must have been exceedingly destructive, although, when we see that one press Correspondent, who puts the number of Zulus killed at four thousand, bases his estimate on the supposition that eight thousand cartridges were fired, and that one out of every two took fatal effect, these statements must be received with a certain reservation. But after the poor fellows broke up it is to be feared that the subsequent loss must have been on one side, as used to happen in the battles of old times, when either of the opposing armies gave way. Had the field of action been examined next day, the position of the dead would have clearly indicated the

nature of the fighting, and the facts might have been inferred with some degree of certainty. But the retreat was effected before daylight, and the exact truth may now be never ascertained.

It still is left to conjecture whether the attack was part of a well-laid plan of the enemy, or whether it happened by accident to occur at a time when a large part of the British force was absent. One cannot but feel that, even if the whole of our column had been there, the result might not have been different; but, as the enemy interposed no force between our two bodies, the presumption would appear reasonable that the commander of the main body of the Zulus was not aware of this detachment being absent. The Zulus appear to have shown in force at first with their main column, and afterwards to have thrown forward their outflanking bodies; but the supposed order of battle, in the exact shape of two bull's horns projecting from the forehead, which a part of the press adopts as an established arrangement, may be dismissed as at most an ideal formation. Even such discipline and drill as Frederick the Great enforced would be quite insufficient to enable a body of men to manœuvre in such a formation, even on level ground, while it would inevitably be thrown into confusion if the ground were at all wooded or uneven. However, the more their actual attack resembles this ideal formation, the better will it be for their adversary. A dense mass of men, while offering an unflinching target to fire, will be innocuous for reply except with the outside ranks, and quite unable to change front or execute any manœuvres; and nothing should be easier than to gain their flank, and so thwart their simple tactics, and throw them into confusion.

Even now we have no exact information of the actual loss at Insalwana. There were, according to Lord Chelmsford, 772 Europeans—his own return gives 782—including officers, so that the first reported loss of about 500 has probably been largely exceeded. Those who escaped would probably belong wholly to the mounted corps, and as the Zulus have no cavalry, it may be hoped that more of them will turn up than had been heard of by the last accounts. Indeed a number of fugitives were seen to pass the post at Rorke's Drift, but too panic-stricken—and for this they are hardly to be blamed—to stop and take part in the defence.

From so much, then, as is known of the particulars of the case, except for the defence by Chard and Bromhead of their post, there is little room for satisfaction. The question now occupying all men's minds is whether the General, who stands self-condemned by his own showing, should be retained any longer in command. The want of vigilance in the first instance might be excused, because there is no fear of this particular fault being repeated; the General as well as all his staff have no doubt been effectually cured of this. But the total want of appreciation of the first principles which should underlie the conduct of all military operations is a deficiency that cannot be made good, and it may be said that a man who could write such a despatch as this, which however possesses the merit of transparent honesty, can never be expected to rise to the height of present requirements. This is not a case where consideration for the feelings of any one man, however estimable, should be allowed to stand in the way of the public interests. For what are such considerations worth when the safety of a country and the success of an army are at stake? We have suffered too much in former times from excessive deference to personal feeling. Thousands of lives were sacrificed to please the Duke of York and his father; and, to come down to later times, a general was kept at the head of the largest army we have ever sent into the field long after his incompetence was apparent to the army and the nation, out of regard for his high connexion and his own amiable character. The time has gone by for repeating these mistakes. Of course the point involved is not merely that of consideration for a single individual. If officers are superseded on slight provocation, and do not feel sure of receiving reasonable countenance and support from the authorities at home, they will become afraid to undertake any responsibility, and the character of the whole service will suffer. The point which the Government have to consider is whether this is such a case; to this question there will probably be but one response. It may be just observed that Lord Chelmsford is a major-general of about three years' standing; the addition now made to the forces at the Cape would in itself justify the appointment of a substantial lieutenant-general, without raising the question of supersession.

WHO TOLD THE FIRST FAIRY TALES?

MR. RALSTON has been telling stories this week to a large audience in St. James's Hall. By combining a lucid explanation of the conjectures about the origin of fairy tales with his own most diverting recitals, Mr. Ralston left his hearers "not only charmed, but instructed more." He is not a fanatical supporter of any one exclusive theory. He does not see the Dawn in everything, nor moral teaching in everything, nor Buddhist ideas everywhere. There are theorists who take up a perfectly modern version of a myth, say one of Mme. d'Aulnoy's, and find what they think "solar mythology" in the most recent details. Mr. Ralston knows too much about his subject to err in this way. He tries to find the earliest shape of a *märchen* within our reach (though, alas! earliest is late in this matter), and there he looks for the most natural motive of the original narrators.

We do not propose to analyse Mr. Ralston's lecture, but merely to draw attention once more to the most obvious truths about *märchen*, which are so studiously neglected. People still cling to the opinion that popular tales (by which we mean tales distributed over the whole earth, and most familiar to the least educated and least progressive classes) are the *débris* of the priestly and poetical mythologies. Now it is impossible to deny that some *märchen*, in some countries, may be the fragments of the higher mythological stories. In modern Greece, and in the islands especially, one often recognizes in a peasant's fairy tale a corrupt form of some legend known to Æschylus or Euripides. A *märchen* that contains proper names—names of kings, queens, and priests—must always be looked on with suspicion, as a fragment of more ornate mythology. The genuine folk-tale deals with anonymous persons whom later poets adopt, and style Odysseus, Melampus, and so forth. That the majority of popular tales, even when they correspond in plot and incident with the higher epical legends, are really earlier forms of these legends, maintained unpolished and unadorned by the changeless peasant class, seems very probable on *à priori* grounds. Let it be granted, for the sake of argument, that all civilized peoples have passed out of the stage of savagery. Let it be granted that, if any one of us could trace his ancestry, he would ultimately find in his pedigree an ancestor no more civilized than a modern Bushman. Now that ancestral savage, if he were at all like contemporary savages, would have his stories, just as we have our novels. It would be rather difficult to find an untutored race, from the Algonquins to the Caribs, from the Caribs to the Ahts, from them to the Australians, the Maoris, the Kanakas, the Zulus, that does not delight in story-telling.

Let us make a second hypothesis; let the descendants of the ancestral savage advance through barbarism to civilization. Taste in story-telling will improve. Poets will appear who will do what all poets have done—that is, they will not *invent*, but they will "adapt" and transfigure by their genius the existing legends of the race. The tribe will become a nation, and will have its national literature, with such a splendid background perhaps as the Homeric poems or the songs of Miriam and Deborah. All this time, however, there will be a class that has not advanced in literary taste and knowledge. The fisher-folk and their wives, the peasants in remote valleys, the populations of the distant and rugged islands will know little of what the great poets have done. What does a Dorsetshire hind know about Mr. Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*? and has a cottar on an isle of the West Irish coast much acquaintance with the *Fairy Queen* or the *Excursion*? To be fair, however, we must take the peasants of a civilized nation that is less educated (as we count education) than modern England. These remote and unlettered rustics will not lack stories and fanciful tales; but what will these tales be? Will they not be the old savage legends? At what moment in history will the peasantry be likely to relinquish the venerable *märchen*? What conceivable circumstance in the evolution of the tribe could prevent old women from telling to their grandchildren the fairy tales they learned from their grandmothers? Clearly there is no historical reason to suppose that there ever was a break in the nursery tradition. Improvements may be introduced, and modern touches added, but the *data* will always be the same, however they may be combined, and will be the *data* of savage fancy.

Thus, in a civilized country, say in ancient Hellas, you may have Apollonius Rhodius working the episode of Phryxus and Helle into a poem on the Argonautic expedition, while an old nurse is telling the traditional form of the same legend to her master's children. But what was the origin of the legend? If it was originally told by savages, how did the savages come to invent it? What are the conditions of the savage imagination? By what is it stimulated? How does it regard the world? We now reach a point at which it seems desirable to investigate the existing *märchen* collected by missionaries and others from the lips of contemporary savages. Here we must state a number of limitations to conjecture, must "hedge," so to speak, and make it clear that we are not writing rashly and confusedly, that we appreciate the nature of the evidence for our argument. There are savages in all stages of advancing or declining "culture." The Bushmen are not exactly as the Kanakas, nor these as the Zulus. Again, there are tribes which have had much intercourse with Europeans, and which may have borrowed and disguised some European fairy-tales. In South Africa a black *raconteur's* store may have been enriched by a fragment gleaned from the talk round a Boer's camp fire. Arabic legends may have filtered through to the Zulus. "Beech-combers," as the mean whites that lounge in South Sea isles are called, may have imparted something to the natives. Missionaries may even have distorted or dressed up the stories they collect from savages. This or that savage tribe may have degenerated from more cultivated ancestors. All these things must be taken into account, and it must be remembered that we have but meagre collections of savage *märchen*, when all is said.

After making these necessary deductions, there is something to be said in favour of the evidence about savage popular tales which we possess. In the first place, savages regard their legends as among the oldest things of which they have any knowledge. They would not do this if they knew that a tolerably large proportion of them had been recently imported. Now their opinion may be mistaken, but the facts look the other way. The facts do not tally with the theory of recent invention or of borrowing, nor with the theory that the legends are falsely reported by the collectors. The thing to note is—that Zulu, Bushman, Algonquin, Australian, Maori, Hottentot, and other savage legends are all in the same

tale. They all have the same characteristics. They all display the same "mint-marks" of imaginative fancy. In answer to sceptical objections it must be urged that the minor legends of the lower races have the testimony of "undesigned coincidence" in favour of their authenticity. If the legends of the Algonquins are genuine, then those of Bushmen, Hottentots, and Australians, being identical in kind and in essential characteristics, should be genuine too. Unless there is a vast amount of authentic matter in all the savage collections, all the collectors (men unknown to each other, and often unacquainted with each other's labours) have been in a conspiracy to impose on the world.

If it be granted, still for the sake of argument, that we may treat collections of savage popular traditions as more or less trustworthy documents, we will go on to examine the features which all these tales have in common. We shall then show that the *märchen* and the wilder part of the mythology of cultivated peoples present the same features, disclose the existence in the past of the same savage fancies, and, in short, have every mark of a savage origin. Taking savage fairy-tales in the mass, and allowing for numerous exceptions, they are no more than wildly and childishly fanciful explanations of the beginnings of things. If we can imagine a child asking "Whence came this or that?" and being put off with the most absurd, incongruous, and inadequate hypothesis, that hypothesis is the savage *märchen*. Now, as we examine the collections, it becomes clear that stories about the origins of four classes of things (roughly speaking) were in the greatest request. Whence came the visible universe? and chiefly, whence came the earth and the heavenly bodies? What was the origin of the particular tribe to which we belong? How are the peculiarities of the various animals, birds, fishes, to be accounted for? What is the explanation and the first cause of certain human customs and institutions? The majority of savage *märchen* are answers to one or other of these sets of questions.

The replies to the questions, as we have said, are uniformly childish in character. They all proceed, it might be said, from one human fancy, and that fancy one which conceives of everything as possible. To the framers of these early answers to the "riddle of the painful earth" the universe seemed very narrow, and all the objects in the universe were endowed with human character and attributes. It was not only that animals, fishes, birds, and beasts talked with man. The sky behaved in just as familiar a way, and the sun (as in the rustic songs of France and Bulgaria) would walk into a room, sit down by the roadside, marry a girl, and do all that men do. Men, beasts, and trees and stars were all on a level. "Let all things in all be confused," says the dying Daphnis in Theocritus. All were confused in all in the fancy of the framers of savage tales. A girl became a star, an insect created the moon, a man turned into a lion, and the lion into a constellation; the breaking of a taboo was avenged by an instant metamorphosis. Savage fairy-tales, in short, may be called, like Ovid's poem, "*Metamorphoses*."

Let us take a special instance or two. The question shall be, How were heaven and earth peopled? The answer will be, as in Australia, "The progenitors of the existing tribes, whether birds, or beasts, or men, were set in the sky, and made to shine as stars, if the deeds they had done were mighty and such as to deserve commemoration" (*The Aborigines of Australia*, Brough Smyth, ii. 431). By the Bushmen the two pointers of the Southern Cross are called lions. Before they were stars they were men, and at the same time lions. The Peruvians, according to Acosta, told the same sort of tale. The Tasmanians say that the Pleiades were "maidens who courted the kangaroo-hunters of Orion, and dug up roots for their supper." According to the Eskimo, "some of the stars have been men, and others different sorts of fishes and animals." It is only want of space that prevents us from adducing many more examples of this peculiarly savage trick of muddling up all the objects in the universe. When Callisto becomes a bear, and the bear becomes a star, is not Ovid merely working up a savage fairy-tale that lingered in Arcadia? Is there a more probable explanation of all the monstrosities of the *Metamorphoses* than this, that savage legends were never laid aside, but worked into the earlier mythology, and elaborated by the later poets? In a note to the preface of Mr. Max Müller's unfinished translation of the Rig-Veda, the creation of the world by Pragapati is spoken of. "From what was his flesh the Rishis, called Arunas, Ketus, and Vatarasanas sprang forth. His nails became the Vaikhānasas, his hairs the Bālakhilyas." Mr. Müller calls this an allegory; but when Polynesians and Maoris told similar stories of how the world was made, they meant what they said, and so perhaps did the authors of the Scandinavian cosmogony when they spoke of the creation of all things out of fragments of a giant. Any one who doubts this need only compare the Greek, Maori, and Scandinavian cosmogonies, and glance at the same sort of irresponsible nonsense among the Bushmen.

We have made it clear, perhaps, that a reckless prodigality of explanation is the "note" of savage legends. Can it be denied that the same metamorphoses, the same familiar bearing of all creatures, men, beasts, trees, the sun, stars, all talking pleasantly to each other, is the "note" of European *märchen*. As an example of similarity of fancy, take the Bushman *märchen*, how the Nama woman outwitted the elephants (Bleek, p. 61). An elephant was married to a Nama woman, and her two brothers came to her secretly, because they feared her husband. She concealed them, but knew the elephant would smell them out. She therefore pretended to the elephant's blind mother that a sheep was being roasted for her, and when the elephant came home, and

made remarks equivalent to "Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum, I smell the blood of a negro-man," the supposed roast mutton supplied an excuse. When the elephant fell asleep, the woman and her brothers stole away, but first she bade everything in the house be silent. "That thing which makes any noise will kill my death." Next morning the elephant ran after them, but the woman cried to a rock to open and admit them, which it did. When the elephant made the same request, the rock opened, indeed, but snapped on him and killed him. Here is the savage germ of a common European tale about ogres, and how to overcome them. In the same way, Grimm's legend of the little goats who issued alive from the devouring wolf is of the same *genre* as the Bushman tale of the tortoise who was swallowed whole by the camel, with unfortunate results for the camel.

The complement of an argument of this kind, here left incomplete, may be rapidly sketched. We have seen what are the qualities of the savage imagination. We have marked how they pervade the nursery tales of European peoples. We have detected them in the cosmogonies and in the star-lore of Greece and Rome. We have explained all on the hypothesis that in advancing from savagery priests and poets ennoble and elevate the puerile legends of the past, while peasants retain a form much nearer to the original absurdity. Had we space, one more process would make the position more intelligible. A savage *märchen*, Bushman or Polynesian, would be traced through the stage of the European *märchen* into its place in the religion or mythology of Greece and Rome. We should, to take an instance, find the elephant that married the Nama woman becoming the Ogre of European story and the wicked foreign King of Greek poetry. We should contrast Australian, Polynesian, and Hellenic forms of the beautiful story of the Pleiades. We should see the nameless Hottentot girl become the queenly maiden of Greek song, with a name so musical that it is a song in itself.

The end of this process, if successfully conducted, would be the discovery that the wide distribution of identical myths is the result of the universal identity of that childish, savage imagination which, in looking for fanciful explanations of the world, sowed the seeds of poetry, mythology, and religion. The seeds are alike everywhere; the full-grown plants vary greatly in different soils. It may be said for this theory that it always looks for historical foundations, and tries to base itself on facts. No fancied condition of human thought is here required. Men are taken as in many lands they still exist. If men in general were once intellectually what various tribes still are—if, while they advanced in mental culture, they did not reject, but merely adorned and modified their puerile ideas—there is no great mystery in the development of mythology.

CARNIVAL AT NICE.

INSULAR in our holiday-making, as in many other of our manners and customs, we English have got so accustomed to our peculiarly English Bank-holidays that we are apt to forget the more universal holidays set apart all over Christendom for fun and frolic. Of these none is more widely observed than Shrove Tuesday. Its observance is not confined to Roman Catholic countries. Even in steady Protestant Switzerland folly is on that day allowed to have its fling; nay, even begging is not only winked at, but actually encouraged. In Zürich the "*Sechseläuten*" is a privileged time, when beggars may go from door to door asking alms till noon; while all the afternoon pageants parade the streets, in which the Bear of Berne and the Lion of Zürich are ever the most conspicuous figures. But, of all the countries of Europe, Italy bears the palm for carnival-keeping; and Nizza, though its name has been Frenchified, has not changed its nature, and still clings to its Italian traditions in this respect. The favourite haunt of Parisians and Russians, Nizza, or Nice, has many attractions to offer with which the other watering-places along the northern shore of the Mediterranean cannot compete. It has wide streets, good shops, a theatre, and, above all, Monte Carlo within an hour's run by rail. And not the least among these attractions is the way Nice keeps carnival. In this it proudly claims to be second only to Rome. The carnival at Nice has a great reputation all along the coast. The visitors at the English colonies on either side who have been all winter submitting to a dreary round of mild gaieties in the way of tea-parties, charity concerts, and church-building bazaars, are eager to seize on a pleasure that is at all events new, and swell the crowd of spectators, even if they do not take a more active part in the mummeries. The native population, with whom keeping carnival is the only religious duty to which they cling tenaciously, having vainly tried to get up a carnival in their own towns, take a holiday and hurry off to Nice to help in keeping the festival there. Excursion tickets are issued at the railway stations, and excursion trains are run. All the trains arrive about two hours late; but no one thinks of getting impatient over the delay, taking it as a matter of course that the carnival must turn everything topsy-turvy. All the hotels and boarding-houses in the town are filled to overflowing, and a stranger, arriving haphazard at this festive season, will plead in vain for a night's lodging, unless he has taken his rooms beforehand. Now, as of course such a concourse of visitors brings great gain to the townsfolk, it becomes a matter of great

weight and moment to insure that the carnival be kept in such a manner as not to disappoint the expectations of the pleasure-seekers, and to keep up the credit of the town in this its special boast and glory. An affair of such importance can in no wise be left to individual caprice. The municipality take it up and offer prizes, some of them amounting to several thousand francs, to be competed for by the mummers. The natives eagerly seize on this opportunity of earning local distinction, and begin their preparations long beforehand, and carry them on with the greatest secrecy, each one hoping to burst forth on the appointed day, glorious in a disguise of his own imagining that may outshine the devices of his neighbours. To be pointed out and remembered in time to come as the man who at the last carnival made such a capital lobster or dragon, is considered ample recompense for all expenditure, time, and trouble.

The revels last three days. But, as it would be beyond the powers of human endurance to keep on dancing and shouting or to stagger about under cumbrous and suffocating disguises for three days consecutively, Monday is used as a break between the wild excitement of Sunday and the tumult of Shrove Tuesday, when the rioting reaches a climax. Monday, therefore, is devoted to the mild and innocent dissipation of donkey races. This exciting sport comes off on the drive round the strand, which, under the name of the Promenade des Anglais, is the great boast of the Nîçois. There is as much fussing and flourishing made about the poor donkeys as if they were running for the Derby. As nothing can happen without the intervention of the army in some shape or other, a detachment of soldiers is brought out to keep order. Their business is to suppress the roughs and make them keep in the background; but they make the most of their brief authority by refusing to allow any one, even on the plea of business at the hotels that face the scene of action, to pass at all. So strict are they that it almost seems as if the donkeys would have to race without any admiring witnesses of their exploits. But as the essence of the whole fun is to collect as great a crowd as possible, their too great zeal is at last rebuked, the cordon gives way, the crowd presses forward with a rush, and in a few minutes there is not an inch of standing-room on either side the way for a stretch of a good mile and a half. After the donkey races, the battle of flowers begins. It is then the correct thing for as many of the inhabitants as can get a vehicle of any sort to drive up and down the Promenade des Anglais for several hours, greeting their acquaintances as they pass by dashing a bunch of flowers in their faces—a salutation which is immediately returned with interest. These bouquets, which for the most part are composed of half-a-dozen withered violets tied up with a handful of green leaves, generally fall wide of the mark they are aimed at, and are picked up by a swarm of boys, who rush in and out between the carriages on purpose to catch the falling posies, which they immediately sell to some one else at prices varying from two-pence to a franc, according to the astuteness or simplicity of the purchasers. It is one of the rules of the game that all the carriages are decorated, but the decorations are of so simple a sort in most cases that you would never take them for ornaments unless you were told they were. Flowers at Nice are rare, and the season is so backward that the flowers there have scarcely begun to unfold. Therefore, though here and there you may see a carriage wreathed with mimosa and camellias, or smothered in violets even to the spokes of the wheels, they are few and far between, and the usual simple plan is to swathe the equipage in a pinafore of white calico adorned with strips of coloured calico sewed on at intervals all over it. To and fro pass the carriages with unwearied diligence, tossing bouquets from hand to hand as if they were playing ball. Only now and then the line is broken by a horseman in singular attire—a dragon-fly, perhaps, gorgeous in yellow satin, with his burnished gauze wings flashing in the sunlight as they open and close with the motion of his horse; or a red Indian, whose disguise is so perfect that at first sight you feel quite staggered to see him venture out in broad daylight in a full undress of feathers and beads. Such are the few and simple elements of the day's amusement. They would seem quite idiotic in our chilly Northern land. But, somehow, the blue background of the Mediterranean seen through the palm-trees that overshadow the parade; the dash of the waves breaking on the shore at a few paces' distance, dashing up showers of pearly spray to the very feet of the laughing, chattering, jostling, but still always good-humoured, crowd; the melodious accents of the Provençal and Italian tongues; the handsome faces, picturesque costumes, and graceful motions of the people, give a charm of poetry and sprightliness to the scene that quite makes you forget the childishness of the sport.

Monday's sport, however, is but an interlude. Shrove Tuesday is the all-important day. On that day every one has a holiday. Even the washerwomen are released from their seemingly hopeless labour of trying to cleanse the garments entrusted to their purifying powers by perpetual plunging in the very impure waters of the Paillon. The whole town wakes determined to enjoy itself. Nothing daunted by rain above and wind below, the population rally forth armed for the fray. Those who are not masquers wear wire guards all over their faces, with throats and ears muffled up so that not an inch of skin is left exposed, with huge satchels of *confetti* slung on apron-wise before, each one bearing a little tin scoop in his hand, much like a doll's coal-scuttle, fastened on a cane, that being the approved projectile for discharging these same *confetti*, which are simply pills the size of hailstones, and quite as hard, of plaster of Paris. The only assistants at the ceremony who are not allowed *confetti* are the troops who line the streets along which

the masquers pass, and as most of them are mere boys, they feel the deprivation deeply. Indeed, masses of *confetti* that gather like snow-drifts in the lowered hoods at the backs of the carriages are too tempting to be resisted. The young soldiers furtively seize great handfuls of them, and join right heartily in the frolic. All along the Corso and the Rue S. François de Paul, up and down which the chief performers—those who are competing for the prizes—are bound to pass a certain number of times, the windows, balconies, and even roofs, are crowded with spectators. All trade is at a standstill. Every dweller in the street is eager to turn an honest penny, or rather an honest louis, by letting every available inch of space to the strangers who have gathered in the city; the bric-à-brac shop here, the *boucherie* there, the *laiterie* further on, and none of them recognizable to-day, having been converted by dint of much coloured-calico tapestry into private boxes for the three days' show. The street is crowded from wall to wall; you think there is scarcely standing room, much less room for passage. Suddenly a gun goes off, the signal that it is two o'clock, and that the games have begun, and then, slowly making their way down the street, the crowd opening to let them pass, there appear a medley throng of quaint figures and mediæval cavalcades, that look like all the actors from all the Christmas pantomimes turned adrift in broad daylight. Then towering in the distance, so tall that its top is swept by the banners hanging from the top-story windows, looms a great erection as fearful as the car of Juggernaut. As it passes, the great ball at the top suddenly expands like a flower bursting, its bud of flames breaks out with a horrible report, and quite a shower of demons is tossed up into the air, to the great delight of the crowd. The taste of the populace is still mediæval in its tone; and no pageantry finds grace to-day that does not deal largely in flames and devils and boiling pits and all the traditions of the infernal regions. This is one of the great cars competing for the largest prize. Immense pains are spent on these cars; and, even when the prize is gained, it scarcely covers the outlay for machinery and costumes. Sometimes they teach a great moral lesson, as in one instance where the spirit of wine seizes on its victims, old and young, men and women alike, and plunges them without pity into a cauldron of boiling pitch. Next in importance to the cars rank the cavalcades—troops of a dozen or so on horseback, all dressed *en suite*. One band, perhaps, is a troop of knights; another, a pack of cards; another, a set of jumping jacks, and so on. But there is more humour displayed in the get-up of single walking figures. Here may be seen a colossal lobster, with the knapsack on his back and the shako on his head indicating the skit intended at an English soldier; there an enormous oyster is silently and sadly edging his way through the crowd; while carrots and turnips, flower-pots with lilies, gigantic pansies, roses with elves sitting in them, massive bouquets of violets, are all walking about on their own account, as such things only do in fairyland. A procession headed by a writing-table and followed by a dozen clintz-covered armchairs is perhaps the most startling of all, and looks as if the Nîçois had brought to a high state of perfection that old-fashioned form of spiritualism which uses furniture as mediums. As they pass the tribune in front of the prefecture, the winners of the prizes are presented with banners, which they flourish about triumphantly till the setting sun warns every one that it is time to think of dinner. By this time the mud in the streets has been converted into a thick white paste of *confetti*, and coats and hats present a pitiable spectacle. After a lull of an hour or two the fun begins again more furiously than ever. The streets and carriages are illuminated, wild bands rush about with flaming torches in their hands, while the stars of the *moccoletti* form brilliant rings over the heads of the crowd. Before midnight Carnival is burnt in effigy, and then the merry-making is over, and the bands of mummers make their way home, flashing their torches in the faces of all they meet, and singing songs of adieu to the carnival that will not spring to life for another year.

PROFESSOR BONAMY PRICE ON CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

THE request recently addressed to the Council of the University of Cambridge for the removal of Greek from the list of necessary subjects of examination for a degree has naturally revived what Professor Blackie calls "the old feud between the Humanists and the Realists." In other words, it has given a fresh impetus to the controversy as to the value of a classical education, which is exposed just now to so sharp a cross-fire of argument and invective from scientific zealots on the one side, and utilitarians on the other. The fact is in itself sufficiently remarkable that, under all successive varieties of social and political life and of religious thought, the classics have retained their place as the great instrument of a liberal education from the earliest Christian era, when Greek and Latin were still living languages, to our own day. And this persistent practice becomes the more remarkable when we recollect how strong, and indeed inevitable, was the tendency of believers during the martyr age to turn with mingled abhorrence and distrust from the study of writers who represented to their minds the doomed and corrupt civilization of the great Anti-Christian power, and whom many of them held to be personally under sentence of hopeless perdition. That tendency found very distinct expression in some great Christian teachers of the period, especially those belonging to what may be called, by a convenient anachronism, the Puritan school of Tertullian and his admirers. Yet almost from the

first the opposite view prevailed. Origen was an enthusiastic student of Pagan literature. St. Augustine, whose master-mind left a permanent impress on the development of Western Christianity, ascribed his conversion from a course of sin to the *Hortensius* of Cicero, and speaks habitually of the great classical authors with appreciative and discriminating respect. How strong a hold the classical system of education had obtained in the Church of the fourth century is clear from the abortive attempt of the Emperor Julian to suppress it, in order to discredit Christianity through its teachers, and the bitter resentment it provoked. All through the dark ages the principle was maintained, if not always in a very consistent or intelligent manner. The story of Gregory the Great having burnt the Palatine library rests on no plausible evidence, and mediæval monks pursued and taught the Latin classics, even while affecting to despise them. And at a time when religious men were not unnaturally shuddering at the wild excesses of vice which marked the Renaissance of the fifteenth century, Savonarola, the great apostle and leader of the Christian reaction, did not scruple himself to purchase for his convent the splendid library of the Medici, which was exposed for auction and in danger of being broken up. The question has however been raised, and indeed pressed with peremptory, not to say passionate vehemence, in our own days, whether this time-honoured system of education, if it was ever defensible or desirable, has not now at least become a gigantic mistake, and ought not to be promptly sacrificed to the higher claims of physical science or the more urgent needs of practical life. More can be learnt, according to Mr. Cobden, from a single number of the *Times* than from "all the works of Thucydides"—of which he had not read a line—and Mr. Lowe has announced the notable discovery that a modern colliery accident may involve a larger loss of life than the battle of Marathon, and is therefore presumably a more profitable subject of study. It is to the question thus raised that Mr. Bonamy Price has addressed himself in a paper on "the Worth of a Classical Education" in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*. And if it was hardly possible to say anything absolutely new on a subject which has been so well threshed out during the last thirty years, he has at least succeeded in putting into the old arguments—which require to be restated from time to time in face of a renewal of the old objections—a vigour and freshness of his own, while one of his arguments, which we shall speak of presently, strikes us as not more felicitous than original. We may just add that the Professor of Political Economy at Oxford speaks on this subject with a peculiar authority. He is a man of wide and varied cultivation, and his special interests and work for many years past have not lain in the line of classical study. On the other hand he was one of the best known and most successful Rugby masters in the golden age of Rugby, under Dr. Arnold. He may thus be said to combine to a great extent the qualifications of a specialist and of a general observer; he speaks at once from the platform of a minute personal experience and with the superadded opportunities of observation of a literary man, a politician, and a man of the world.

Mr. Price begins by insisting very justly that the question at issue is not whether a public school education is not in fact the best to be had, and has not trained our best and ablest men—which can hardly be denied—but whether it is right to make a study of classics an essential part of it, and that too when experience proves that only a minority of the boys thus trained will acquire more than a very superficial acquaintance with the ancient tongues. He asks whether such a case is capable of being defended, and replies without hesitation that it is:—

I hold that the nation judges rightly in adhering to classical education: I am convinced that for general excellence no other training can compete with the classical. In sustaining this thesis, I do not propose to compare here what is called useful education with classical, much less to endeavour to prescribe the portion of each which ought to be combined in a perfect system. Want of space forbids me to examine here a problem involving so much detail. . . . The problem before us here is of a different kind. The education of the boys of the upper classes is necessarily composed of two parts—general training, and special, or, as it is called, useful training—the general development of the boy's faculties, of the whole of his nature, and the knowledge which is needed to enable him to perform certain specific functions in life. Of these two departments of education, the general far transcends in importance the special: and finally I maintain that for the carrying out of this education, the Greek and Latin languages are the most efficient instruments which can be applied.

The special merits of the Greek and Latin languages for this purpose of mental discipline and culture are then examined under four different heads. In the first place comes the very point often thrown in their teeth by modern assailants, that they are languages and literature, and not particular sciences or branches of knowledge. It is not simply or chiefly that they serve to form taste and power of expression; on that point indeed Mr. Price appears to us to do less than justice to the effects of a classical training. We do not believe that, as a rule, anything like the same vigour and delicacy of touch in the use of language will be found, *ceteris paribus*, among those who are unacquainted with Latin and Greek, though other influences may of course do much to supply the defect. The examples of Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden are hardly to the purpose, for an orator, like a poet, *nascitur, non fit*. But we fully agree with Mr. Price that the educational value of the ancient classics is something immeasurably broader than this. Knowledge, as he observes, is not ability, and cram is not power. But the intellectual process which even an average boy is forced to go through in acquiring any tolerable knowledge of Greek and Latin—the elements of thought with which he is brought into con-

tact in reading, e.g. Cæsar and Tacitus, Homer, Herodotus, and Thucydides—cannot but leave a permanent impression on his mind. Whole stores of arithmetic and algebra may be amassed without calling forth any considerable conscious effort of ratiocination, but the demands for reasoning in any sound study of the classics are absolutely endless:—

A man may be able to count accurately every yard of distance to the stars, and yet be most imperfectly educated; he may be able to reckon up all the kings that ever reigned, and yet be none the wiser or the more efficient for his learning. But the unfledged boy, who starts with a mind empty, blank, and unperceiving, is transformed by passing through Greek and Latin: a thousand ideas, a thousand perceptions are awakened in him, that is, a thousand fitnesses for life, for its labours and its duties.

It is no real answer to object that comparatively few boys who pass through Eton or Oxford become genuine scholars. At worst this would only prove, what is obvious, that the classics may be badly taught, as anything else may be badly taught. Moreover, though comparatively few become really good scholars, it by no means follows that they have gained nothing from their Greek and Latin studies, or that, if they had been exclusively occupied in learning modern languages, mathematics, and physical science, they would not have incurred a heavy loss. Science would certainly leave the largest and most important portion of the youth's nature absolutely undeveloped, and it is "on the general training and broad development of the human being that the dispute turns." Viewing the matter in this light Mr. Price professes himself "profoundly convinced that England and Englishmen would be enormous losers" by the substitution of a different method of education. And we quite agree with him. Closely connected with this aspect of the educational value of a classical training is the greatness of the writers and the works to which it introduces us. And this consideration has a very special importance in the case of the young. If the society of the great and good acts powerfully even on elderly men, how much more must it serve to mould the susceptible impressions and elastic character of boys:—

What more direct and more efficient remedy against one of the most common and most damaging weaknesses—onesidedness? Where can a boy be initiated into so many things, catch so many vistas, acquire, if not a profound, yet a most valuable and most fruitful familiarity with so many provinces of manly thought as in the study of Homer, Æschylus, and Sophocles, Aristotle and Plato, Herodotus and Thucydides, Aristophanes and Demosthenes? These men have been the founders of civilization: they have hewn out the roads by which nations and individuals have travelled and travel still: the Greek type is the form of the thought of modern Europe: their writings on most vital points are fresh and living for us now. And no more decisive proof can be given of their genius, or, in other words, of their greatness. Homer and Thucydides are wonderful reading for us now; and upon that single truth the issue of this transcendent question might be staked.

Nor can we afford to leave out of sight the beauty of form so conspicuous in these writings still cherished as "the everlasting consolation of mankind." They were composed in days when manuscripts were rare and costly, and there was no printing press, and in proportion to their rarity was the care bestowed on their composition; "in ancient times an ill-written book would have found it difficult to catch readers." The fact at all events remains, that it would be hardly possible to bring together an equal number of books in any modern language which combine such marvellous excellence both of matter and form as those just named. Clearly then the possession of such unique educational instruments must weigh heavily in the scale in favour of classical education.

In expounding the third head of his argument Mr. Price boldly takes the bull by the horns, and claims for Greek and Latin as a crowning merit what modern scientists are apt to treat as their severest condemnation. It is just the fact that they are what are called "dead languages"—we use the convenient and familiar phrase, though aware of its imperfect accuracy—and therefore have to be learnt laboriously and by rule, which gives them so high an educational value. The mastering of the grammar and syntax compels a boy to think, and all who are engaged in these studies, from the little urchin in the third form to the learned Greek professor, are obliged constantly "to perform acts of perception and judgment, to observe distinctions, to discriminate and select." The mind of the student is constrained to examine and dwell upon every expression, and hence, while an English boy put through a course of Burke will inevitably miss much of the meaning from the very facility of apprehension, his course through Thucydides, precisely because it is far more troublesome and laborious, will leave a deep and accurate impression. It is not too much to say, in reply to the shallow sneer as to the time wasted on a single book, that the gain may be measured by the time expended:—

The true test of the education, the result by which it must stand or fall, is the general condition of mind which these boys have obtained when their schooling is over. If positive knowledge were made the standard—if the question to be asked is, "What can a boy do at the end of the process?" then no one could be called educated by the side of the artisans and manufacturers, the navigators and the carpenters of England.

Nor is it a small advantage that Greek and Latin are not only, in a sense, dead languages, but that they contain a literature which may be studied apart from the political or sectarian passions of modern life. Mr. Price attributes to this eminent advantage much of the superiority of view, and general absence of bigotry and narrowness, which commonly distinguish classically educated men.

His last point is one, not indeed new in itself, though strangely apt to be lost sight of even by educational authorities, but new,

so far as we are aware, in the particular application he has given to it. It is in truth hardly possible to overrate the importance of the action of the teacher, the contact of the boy's mind with the mind of his teacher, even from a purely intellectual point of view, though of course the moral office of the educator, as defined in the well-known words of Juvenal—*qui præceptorem sancti volvere parentis esse loco*—is a still higher one. The point so strongly insisted upon by Dr. Arnold, and so conspicuously exemplified in his life, that there is a "specific gift of teaching," can never with impunity be ignored. That gift does not consist only or chiefly in learning or in general ability, but rather in power of sympathy—the capacity, quite as much moral as intellectual, of placing oneself in the position of the learner, seeing things from his point of view, and entering into his difficulties. "This is a work of sympathy, of love, of a genuine delight in the pleasure of teaching, which finds its gratification in perceiving that the pupil has taken in and truly apprehended the knowledge set before him." All this has indeed been said before, though it has seldom been better said, and is terribly liable to be forgotten in practice. But the point which Mr. Price most forcibly brings out is the peculiar aptitude of classical studies for giving scope to the capacity of a teacher and enabling his mind to act in all its fulness on the expanding faculties of his disciple. He justly urges that there is no man so great, if only he be endowed with this special gift, who may not find here a field worthy of his noblest powers. And we quite agree with him that it is far better, if a choice must be made, for a boy to be trained by a real teacher of small learning than by a man of great attainments without the power of influencing others. Of course one would prefer a combination of both advantages. Dr. Arnold showed his wisdom in requiring that the master of the fourth form should be a good scholar no less than the master of the sixth, because a man who has not a thorough grasp of his subject cannot teach even the rudiments properly. But he would certainly have held with Mr. Price that "the gift of teaching" is more essential than the most perfect scholarship. He was so keenly alive to his own deficiencies in accurate scholarship that he had a separate composition master for his sixth form, but few have equalled him in his rare and admirable capacity of moulding, stimulating, and training the minds of boys. Those who most nearly resemble him in the possession of that excellent gift will be the first to acknowledge the force of Mr. Bonamy Price's exposition of the incalculable value of a classical education as its appropriate instrument.

THE FAME OF KEATS.

"I READ the beginning of *Hyperion*," writes Crabb Robinson in his Diary, under the date of December 8, 1820. "There are a force, wildness, and originality in the works of this young poet which, if his perilous journey to Italy does not destroy him, promise to place him at the head of the next generation of poets." It is not a little strange to set this forecast of Keats's future career by the side of the brief inscription that has just been set up on the wall of the house where he died. At the time they were written these hopeful words would, if they had been publicly printed, have seemed to most persons altogether extravagant in their estimate of the poet's powers; and even Crabb Robinson could not have predicted that within sixty years of their utterance the English residents of Rome, with the English Ambassador at their head, would meet in public to celebrate the poet's genius. For it must be remembered that what was then thought only to warrant the expectation of some great achievement in the future is now the whole foundation of Keats's fame. In less than three months from the day upon which Crabb Robinson made this entry in his Diary Keats had died, and that beginning of the *Hyperion*, which was pronounced to be a piece full of promise, was destined to remain only a noble fragment. And yet it would be false to assume that the respect now paid to Keats's memory is in any way dependent upon a generous estimate of what he might afterwards have become. On the contrary, we are disposed to think that no poet of his time has been judged with stricter reference to the intrinsic value of the work that he produced, and there was none certainly who in the conduct of his art so severely excluded matter of purely personal concern.

There are, it must be admitted, certain circumstances in connexion with Keats's career which have tended to obscure this distinguishing characteristic of his genius. He was surrounded by men whose personality played so important a part in their poetry that it is difficult at first to realize that his imagination was altogether of a different cast from theirs; and this difficulty is increased by the passionate vindication of his fame which Shelley has left to the world. However admirable from its own point of view, the *Adonais* is certainly misleading in the light which it affects to shed upon Keats's position in literature. It claims our pity and our tears for a fate that was, as a matter of fact, not the fate of Keats; and it is full of sympathy and regret for mental sufferings which we are well assured on other evidence Keats never endured. In spite of the unbounded generosity with which he writes, Shelley's portrait is altogether a fanciful creation, and the pathetic circumstances with which he strives to surround the death of his hero are most unfortunately associated with Keats's name. Byron's undisguised scorn and contempt at the notion of a poet's spirit being "snuffed out" by adverse criticism is, strictly

speaking, not more unjust to Keats than the sympathy which Shelley expends in the same cause. The truth is that both these poets were tempted to endow Keats with something of the sensitiveness of their own natures. They rather leapt to the conclusion that the younger poet had been killed by the strictures of the *Quarterly*, because they themselves felt keenly the injustice of such criticism, and because they were glad in their different ways to have an opportunity of showing their contempt for the accepted organs of literary opinion. But when we turn from this fanciful commentary upon Keats's temperament to the recorded facts of his life, we perceive that he was by no means gravely affected by the unfavourable judgment pronounced upon his work. It is, no doubt, true that he could not have written such an answer to his detractors as Byron composed; but it is equally true that he was not sufficiently moved to contemplate the need of any such vindication.

We may assume, however, that, in spite of all the evidence to the contrary, the impression that Keats was killed by his critics will continue to be popular. To the ordinary mind there is something rather attractive in the picture of sentimental despair which such a story offers; and, after all, the misconception would perhaps scarcely be worth correction if it did not involve a radical misapprehension of the scope of Keats's poetical powers. But unfortunately, in the light of this legend, he is too often made to appear the very opposite of what he really was. Of all the poets of his generation, he was the least influenced by the movement of contemporary ideas. The independence of his personality, though it found less energetic expression, was certainly not less complete than that of Wordsworth himself, and the particular task which he had set himself to accomplish necessarily cut him off from those political or social impulses that colour the verse of both Shelley and Byron. It may, of course, be fairly argued that such independence carries with it certain corresponding limitations, and that, as a consequence, Keats's poetry can never make a passionate appeal to the general mass of mankind. By identifying themselves with the movement of their age, men like Byron and Shelley will unquestionably occupy, for a while at least, a more prominent place in literary history. In virtue of the extraordinary keenness of their sympathies with the present wants of the world, they are to be regarded as something more than mere poets; and, so long as the particular ideas they strove to express retain their significance, there must remain a certain difficulty in justly determining the place they are ultimately destined to hold. It would, therefore, be obviously unjust to compare their poetry with the poetry of Keats. The two things are altogether different in kind and distinct in aim; but for that very reason it is no less misleading to confuse Keats's personality with theirs, and to make it appear that he was working in a condition of morbid sensibility to those demands and feelings of the time which, in fact, he deliberately excluded from the sphere of his labours. We do not, of course, mean to pretend that Keats lived in a state of indifference to what was going on about him, that he took no interest in the progress of political ideas, or that he was indifferent to the praise of his contemporaries. He did not need to cultivate any such enforced isolation of spirit, nor, even if he had wished to do so, would it have been possible to effect such an unnatural divorce from the concerns of his generation. But what he felt in his own person he did not necessarily admit into the scheme of his art. In his case the instinct of the artist was so strongly developed that he could distinguish without effort between the enduring material of poetic composition and the passing thoughts and fancies of the day. The truths which he chose to embody in his work were independent of the fashions of any school of philosophy; but they were not for that reason wanting in warmth of human sympathy and passion; and it is possible that they may still make their appeal to the sentiments of men when verse which now seems to possess a louder utterance shall be no longer acceptable.

In this sense of severe selection which governs Keats's poetry we may discover the secret of his steadily increasing fame. The feeling of admiration for his work has not been subject to any of those fluctuations of taste which have affected several of his contemporaries, nor have there been any signs of a tendency to allow his poetry to drop into the category of things respected but unread. Of more than one of the great poets of his time it may already be said that their fame has been greater in the past than it is at the present day. In the case of Wordsworth, for example, it may be questioned whether the younger generation do more than inherit a feeling of regard which they no longer care to test for themselves; and even Byron can scarcely be reckoned as a living force in contemporary literature. But with Keats the circle of admirers has gradually become extended, while at the same time it is easy to trace the surviving influence of his genius in recent poetical production. Perhaps Shelley is the poet whom the poets of our time most delight to honour; but, if we judge merely by internal evidence, it is to Keats that they more often turn for example and imitation. It is he who up to the present time has left the strongest mark upon the modern manner of versification and upon the choice of poetical diction. He did not, it is true, live long enough to exhibit the variety of style and of mood that other poets may claim; but all that he did was so perfectly done, with such sureness of instinct and such unflinching taste, that his example has been found fruitful to poets of different tendencies and widely opposite schools.

TROUSER POCKETS.

ONE of the numerous cruel devices conceived by women consists in sewing up the trouser pockets of boys who have a trick of putting their hands into them. Such a proceeding is doubly pleasing to women. First, it gratifies their instinctive love of inflicting petty punishments; and secondly, it affords them the indescribable pleasure of depriving the opposite sex of a privilege and comfort exclusively its own. Trouser pockets may not constitute the most romantic portion of what Americans call garmenture, but they not the less form a highly characteristic feature of the male costume of the period; and if poets have not yet immortalized them in verse, it is not from having failed to make much personal use of them.

In every nation, and in every stage of social progress, some special attitude of semi-repose is adopted, which may perhaps best be described as a non-official "standing at ease." Thus the Neapolitan leans against a wall, the Spaniard folds his arms, the Eastern sits cross-legged, and the African squats. In the United States fingers seem to derive rest and refreshment from whittling bits of stick, and the old Quakers found repose in twirling their thumbs. The Cavalier rested his left hand upon the hilt of his sword, and thrust his right hand into his doublet, and in the days of the Regency one hand found repose beneath the coat-tails and the other recreation with an eye-glass. The favourite position of the First Napoleon was with one hand within his waistcoat and the other behind his back, and less distinguished personages seem to find consolation in twirling their moustaches, biting their nails, or even scratching their faces. It will thus be perceived that, while some attitudes of temporary indolence are graceful, others are very much the reverse. It must, however, be remembered that the inspired Watts assures us that the angel under whose patronage idle hands are placed is a fallen one. To enlarge upon the varieties of "mischief still" which he finds for them to do might not be easy, but it is less difficult to point out the places which he finds for them to put themselves in. We have described a few of the favourite attitudes of other nations and other times than our own, and we may add that the special position of ease dear to Englishmen in these days is to stand with their "idle hands" in their trouser pockets. It is true that the fashion of habitually "wearing the hands in the trouser pockets" has long since passed away with the peg-top trousers which made it exceptionally convenient; but, although no longer customary in ladies' society, the practice is still dear to the Briton, and it is much indulged in when men are emancipated from the company of the opposite sex. As all roads lead to Rome, so do all movements of the hands of some men seem to lead eventually to the sanctuary of their pockets, and between these receptacles and their fingers there appears to be a strong natural affinity. When men had swords to rest one hand upon and loose doublets into which to thrust the other, it was easy enough to be graceful; but now that we have neither swords nor doublets, and are severely buttoned up, our trouser pockets are the only available crevices in our ungainly garments. We have not even easy gauntlets into which to slip our hands, and the gloves of the period are an occasion of constant torture and anxiety. The habit of placing our hands in our pockets is therefore a simple exigency of costume. With the exception of our faces and our hands, our whole bodies are clothed. As we cannot see the former, the only members which are apparently naked are our hands. Being generally gloved in public, they never feel well assured of their decency when uncovered, and so they instinctively seek their only available shelter. Then, again, Englishmen generally seem to regard their hands as inconvenient additions to their bodies, of which they are ashamed and of whose use they are ignorant. It is therefore an important consideration to find a place in which to stow away these ungainly incumbrances, and they like to keep them hidden in their pockets, ready, like their coppers or their pocket-knives, for any sudden emergency. We are well aware that there is little grace of curve or outline about a man standing with his hands in his pockets; that his attitude savours strongly of undue self-confidence, and that it may tend to his moral deterioration. Indeed we may say that we fully admit the custom of thrusting the hands into the pockets of the trousers to be gravely objectionable, and are quite unprepared to defend it upon any moral or artistic ground whatever; at the same time honesty and a love of veracity compel us to allow that such a position is extremely comfortable. There is a profane saying that most things which are nice are either wrong, expensive, or unwholesome; and we do not claim for the consoling practice in question that it can fairly escape from being placed in the first of these categories. The most celebrated authority on the subject of meditation gave it as his opinion that there was no definite and exclusive rule as to the position of body most conducive to that exercise; that some people could best meditate when standing, others when sitting, kneeling, walking, and so on. If he had lived in our own day and country, we think he would have added, "and Englishmen meditate most easily when they have got their hands in their pockets." There were times when men had a habit of tapping their heads when short of ideas. As the old stanza has it:—

You knock your head and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you will: there is nobody at home.

In these days they search their pockets with an equally laudable motive, and too often, with an equally futile result. We remember a well-known Oxford don who spent three-fourths of his waking

existence in apparently searching for a fourpenny bit in his trouser pockets, which, up to the present date, there is no evidence of his having found. In his lectures, in his studies, at chapel, and in his walks abroad this employment seemed to refresh his mind and afford him considerable gratification, and most of his pupils will ever associate his memory with this inelegant habit. The same custom is much affected by many legislators, not so much in addressing the House as in the smoking-rooms and lobbies. The British Bar, too, seems to derive much inspiration from it. Perhaps no men are so much addicted to tricks of manner as barristers, and, among other peculiar habits familiar to our law courts, that of placing the hands in the trouser pockets has been adopted by counsel until it has become quite a legal practice.

The use of the trouser pockets as a depository for the hands is a custom which savours both of vulgarity and impudence. Under certain circumstances it both implies a slight and suggests defiance, and is almost more offensive than any other attitude that a man can take. On the other hand, it may be urged that there are times when it is perfectly admissible, as being suggestive of familiarity and friendship. There are occasions when the act of lying upon a sofa would be an unwarrantable breach of decorum, and there are others when it would be consistent with the strictest etiquette. So, likewise, may the thrusting of one's hands into one's pockets be a deliberate insult or an allowable proceeding, according to surroundings and circumstances. There are various ways of indulging in this habit, including many gradations between vulgarity and refinement; and we do not think that the most copious letterpress, accompanied by numerous illustrations, could define them exhaustively. It would be hard to say when this practice first became general. We can recollect the time when a venerable arrangement of the male attire precluded anything of the kind, and when the right trouser pocket was dignified by the name of the "fob." The introduction of a rude hand into this highly respectable niche would have sadly disarranged the studied adjustment of the three inches of ribbon which suspended from it a large bunch of seals and watch-keys. Nor had the youth of the period any temptation to trouser-pocket their hands, as those vestments reached to within a few inches of their chins, and, if they contained pockets at all, they held them almost out of reach.

As regards the origin of the trouser pocket, we are inclined to think that it is a lineal descendant of the old waist-belt, into which were stuck swords, knives, pistols, and pouches. The modern trouser pocket is still the usual receptacle of the knife; we have known it to contain a pistol, and it commonly holds the purse or pouch; and although a belt, with its scabbard, dirk, and wallet, may sound better in poetry than trouser pockets, we do not know that it is one whit more deserving of honour, or that it is in reality more romantic. The most curious specimen of trouser pockets that we have ever seen was the property of a small boy. It was evident from their exterior that they were not kept for empty show. When the owner was called upon to disgorge their contents, the wonderful things which were produced from their depths surpassed description. Pieces of string, sugar candy, gun-caps, chocolate, a dead mouse, a half-eaten apple, and some elastic bands constituted but a small portion of the curiosities which were drawn slowly out. Such a spectacle made us determine that, although the question of putting one's hands into one's own pockets might be to a certain extent an open one, no consideration would ever induce us to put our hands into the pockets of a small boy. It may be well, however, to be on our guard against an even worse contingency than putting our hands either into our own pockets or into those of an unclean urchin—namely, that of a person of kleptomaniacal tendencies putting his hand into ours.

People of an æsthetic turn may possibly think that the subject of trouser pockets is not a large one; but in this world simple things often carry with them stronger associations than others which are more complex or more dignified, and familiar objects which are constantly in use, be they ever so insignificant, are more bound up with our daily life than some philosophers might care to acknowledge. For instance, how completely one we feel ourselves with some pencil-case, note-book, eye-glass, or watch-chain, which we have used and carried about us for years! It seems almost as much a part of our bodies as our fingers. In former times, when people stayed much at home, parts of their houses were equally dear to them. They loved their roof-trees, and they swore by their hearths. Now we place screens before the latter, and let, hire, sell, mortgage, and travel to such an extent, that but few of us have very touching associations in connexion with any one fireside. Wherever we go, however, we yet retain our trousers; and while other household gods become more and more neglected, we still cling fondly to those pockets which we filled with all sorts of messes in our childhood, and which afford us consolation in our riper years.

WALKING IN ENGLAND.

WALKING against time is trying work, and we do not envy professional pedestrians. They are bound to keep themselves in the hardest condition; and though mortification of the flesh may be salutary in one sense, it can scarcely fail to react on the spirits and temper; while, if it is unduly prolonged and over-severe, the constitution is more likely to suffer than to benefit by it. Doing a given distance over a measured quarter of a mile must be the concentrated quintessence of monotonous drudgery, and there is

nothing invigorating in the smell of the gas and the sawdust, though there may be stimulants in the admiration and applause of the spectators. There must be far more excitement in such a feat as that which Weston nearly succeeded in achieving; but then there is decidedly too much of objectionable incident, so that the drawbacks on the whole counterbalance the advantages. Approbation may be very agreeable in its way, but most men would prefer to dispense with it rather than be hustled and jostled by an excitable, though admiring, mob. There may be health and life in the air of the country, but in such a winter as we have been experiencing both the bracing and depressing elements have been in excess. There is more of pluck and dogged endurance than of pleasure in plodding through slush or mud in the short February days, with alternations of a thermometer falling far below freezing point and a reeking atmosphere that stifles the breath. Still Weston's idea is a suggestive one for those who find real enjoyment in a rational amount of toil.

We have often wondered that pedestrian tours in England are not far more in favour than they are, and those of us who love to exert their walking powers might take a leaf out of the book of the practitioners on bicycles. Men who are no great mountaineers repair to Switzerland and the skirts of the higher Alps summer after summer. They move about in a mob like Weston, for they are caught in the cosmopolitan rush of tourists. They have to scramble for beds in crowded hotels, or else to tie themselves down in advance by telegraph to punctual arrival at a settled point. Very often they choose to encumber themselves with the uncongenial society of guides and porters; since baggage for a given number of days must be carried in a knapsack that weighs heavily on the shoulders. We by no means understate the pleasures that reward them. Nothing can be grander than the Alps in sunshine or thunderstorms; nothing more glorious than the glittering expanse of the glaciers that contrast with the verdure of the pine woods and pasturage. But then, in the lottery of a short Swiss holiday, the blanks in the way of weather are at least as common as the prizes. You may come in for a spell of relentless wet, and see nothing whatever of the magnificent scenery that is enveloped in clinging curtains of mist. You may have to decide between the dismal alternative of being weather-bound and pressing forward in discomfort and practically blindfolded. In England things are never so bad as that. We can say little for our weather, even in our springs and summers, since at the very best it is never to be counted on. But there is a certain fascination in its very caprices; the chances are at least in favour of its being tolerable, and one may always hope for exhilarating breaks in it; while, if the worst should come to the worst, you are walking through a network of railways, by which you can always secure a retreat if the case is desperate. Then in England you may always be independently misanthropical. You can generally find your way, and, if you miss it, it is no great matter. There is an inn or a public-house in each little village that will harbour you fairly enough for the night; nor need you stint yourself in the decencies or comforts of the toilet, since you can always arrange to send a portmanteau in advance of you. What should be fully as much of a consideration with the intellectual pedestrian, you have always supplies of literature within reach. For there are books to be had anywhere for the buying, and newspapers are circulated through every corner of the country.

As for objects of general interest, nowhere does an Englishman find them in such variety as in his native island. The great charm of the Continent is in its novelty and freshness; but after a time that charm wears away. One Swiss village closely resembles another, and the primitive ecclesiastical architecture is rather quaint than instructive. Historical associations fall comparatively flat on most people when one has no sympathies of kindred with the personages concerned. Since Bacon wrote his essay on foreign travel, we have read any number of eloquent platitudes on the advantages of travel in opening the mind. Very true they are in the main, and yet we incline to the unfashionable heresy that a man is more likely to profit by excursions at home. Take the English home counties and the immediate neighbourhood of London; where can the intelligent and cultivated mind find a more lavish variety of materials for enjoyment? There are scores of historic seats at least as curious in their way as any of the châteaux in Touraine or Normandy. The only difference is that, if they suffered in our earlier civil wars, they have since been restored by wealth and taste, and at each stage in your pilgrimage you may bless the fortune that has spared your country the convulsions of a social revolution. Stately castles like Royal Windsor, venerable mansions like Knole, or Penshurst, or Hatfield, may well invite the inspection of the wanderer who has long been sated with ordinary "interiors." Moreover these, and many a less pretentious residence, stand in parks that have no counterpart on the Continent. Compared with our rolling stretches of magnificently timbered grass and bracken, even Fontainebleau, so dear to its colonies of French artists, is a simple forest enclosure of under-grown scrub. We may abuse the damp uncertainty of our island climate, but we have to thank it for the unapproachable verdure of our landscapes, the thick growth of our varied foliage, and the bloom of our rich flower-beds. You walk through a luxuriantly cultivated country by woodland lanes as umbrageous as those of Brittany, where the superfluity of the land springs in the heaths and wastes and poverty-stricken fields of buckwheat breaks out in innumerable rills through the roots of the hedgerows. Here and there you come upon heavy corn-land, and on hop-gardens, and on

meadows where the sleek cattle are up to their hocks in the pasturage. Unlatching a gate or glancing down a glade, the eye is caught by the old-fashioned farmhouse, with its latticed windows and quaint chimney-stacks, standing snugly amongst its barns and ricks, and backed up by apple and cherry orchards with the boughs bending beneath their fruit. Or, when you least expect it, you come suddenly upon a hamlet or thriving village, where the scattered cottages are grouped round the church, with its tower that dates from the days of the Plantagenets. Even if your road did not run through the little street, you could hardly pass the place without turning aside for a look at it. The signs of peasant comfort may be delusive, but there is no denying the picturesqueness. Dwellings where the high sloping roof is out of all proportion to the low brick walls are embowered in ivy, honeysuckle, and woodbine. The tiny gardens are fragrant with old-fashioned flowers; they are a very paradise for the bees that tenant the occasional rows of hives. There are clouds of cooing pigeons about the farm buildings on the outskirts; the fowls are cackling among the cattle in the straw-yard, and at your approach the flotillas of ducks and geese betake themselves vociferously to the pond under the alders. A little further on, standing somewhat aside from the road, is the old-fashioned manor-house among the venerable elms where the rooks have had their habitations from time immemorial. If the day is hot, the air in the lanes may be drowsy; but in any one of the home counties you can never go far without finding refreshment in the charms of contrast. A turn and a dip bring you to the finger-post which indicates an embarrassing riches of routes. Being nowise particular as to where you are to sleep, you select the one that leads up towards the open; and in another ten minutes you are on a down that commands an enchanting prospect over a score or more of villages with their towers or spires, and whence you may trace the windings of more than one smiling valley. Or possibly you come upon a breezy expanse of heath with its scattered groups of self-sown firs, its browns and its purples broken here and there with most impracticable thickets of bramble and bracken.

Should you extend your excursion to the Midlands or the West, you only strike out among fresh forms of beauty. Our grand old forests have, indeed, been enclosed and encroached upon, but not even in the immediate neighbourhood of East London have grasping lords of the manor altogether succeeded in effacing them. And if Epping still retains much of its primitive picturesqueness, things are still better in the districts that lie far from manufacturing towns. It is true that the deer have been killed down in the New Forest, and here and there trim fir plantations have taken the place of the venerable oaks. Yet with little trouble you may still succeed in losing yourself in lonely copses and sequestered glades, among cottages of woodmen and huts of charcoal-burners that have hardly changed their style since the times of the Red King. And there are the genuine red deer in the wilds of Exmoor, with sheep and cattle almost as shy and swift-footed; and gangs of shaggy moorland ponies as unreclaimed as the Mexican mustangs; and foxes that must be trapped since they cannot be hunted; with colonies of badgers in the rabbit warrens and families of otters in the brooks. You have bewitching river scenery like that on the gentle Wye from Ross to Chepstow; and broader and bolder reaches like those of the "sandy-bottomed Severn." Or, if you weary of the lowlands, you have but to take the train and be landed on an evening among the lakes and the mountains. For the artist, angler, or simple admirer of nature, there are inexhaustible attractions in the hills of Wales, among the fells and tarns of Westmoreland and Cumberland, or in the upland valleys of Derbyshire or the Yorkshire Ridings, studded over with their abbeys and baronial keeps; while the lover of legend and ballad may pass weeks in wanderings on the Border, and, once there, it is nothing to extend his journey to the highlands of Scotland and the more remote Western Isles.

We have been speaking chiefly of special objects of interest; but, after all, to the enthusiastic pedestrian these are only secondary—giving piquancy to what is his real enjoyment. We believe, if he were to be honest, he would say that this mainly consists in the sense of strength and freshening life borne in upon him by health-giving exercise. Many an enthusiastic mountaineer has gone to Switzerland half crippled with over-work, to accomplish a respectable ascent in a day or two. So in England you may make your morning start feeling languid and hopelessly indolent, and yet begin to find, ere you have well warmed to your work, that the languor that oppressed you must have been altogether fictitious. In place of fumbling at the latches of gates, you take a pleasure in vaulting over stiles; and, as your lungs inhale the air and your muscles expand in the sunshine, you stride ahead as if you were going upon springs, and mile after mile shrinks up into nothing. Of course you experience this to the fullest extent only in the bracing frost of winter, which, except for the good condition of the roads, is otherwise unpropitious to pedestrian tours. But even in summer, when the atmosphere is somewhat relaxing, you discover that a little practice makes you comparatively indifferent to its influences. If you are moderately discreet in your diet, and decline excessive indulgence in tempting tankards of ale, you quickly and sensibly improve in condition; and then you have no need to match yourself against time like Mr. Weston. On the contrary, you ought to start with the maxim that time was made for slaves, and resolve on lounging when you like it through the fairland of nature. The thrushes are singing from every copse; there is a concert of nightingales in the trees that overhang the little pool at the meeting of the lanes; the butterflies and dragon-

flies are flitting about among the wild flowers, where the bees are revelling in the way of business on their banquet of sweets; and each ditch and patch of grass by the roadside is vocal with the chirrup of the grasshopper. The pleasures of life are not so numerous that one need care to hurry through such sights and sounds.

THE DRINK DIFFICULTY.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON has contributed to the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* a readable and temperate article with the heading "The Drink Difficulty." It is valuable, not for what it proposes in the way of legislation, or for any fresh arguments that it brings forward on behalf of the particular measure with which the writer's name is associated, but for the evidence it supplies of the hopelessness of any compromise between Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his reasonable opponents. There have been several symptoms of late of some further effort being made in this direction; and on this ground it may be worth while to show over again that in this matter there is no middle place between compromise and surrender. We cannot believe that those who are now coquetting with Sir Wilfrid Lawson do in any large measure contemplate surrender. They are anxious to hasten the remarkable process known as the consolidation of the Liberal party, and, as Sir Wilfrid Lawson represents a large number of voters who are quite prepared to subordinate party organization to the abolition of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, the consolidation in question would undoubtedly be greatly furthered by any agreement which would secure to the Liberals the sober enthusiasm of the United Kingdom Alliance. It is hard to say what achievements of electioneering vigour might not be recorded if total abstainers throughout the country were really persuaded that the victory of the Liberal party meant the closing of public-houses at the pleasure of the ratepayers of the parish. The desire to secure the services of these invaluable agents is a standing temptation to Liberal politicians; and it is only by keeping steadily before the public the real nature of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's proposal that they can be encouraged to resist it.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson finds a very useful argument in the absurdities and inconsistencies of the present licensing laws. There is something humiliating in the contemplation of so many efforts made and such small results obtained. There is nothing in the spectacle, however, to disturb those who hold that the sale of intoxicating liquors ought to be carried on in precisely the same way as the sale of any other article of food, except in so far as the trade has special characteristics of its own. They are not at all surprised that the experiment of regulating the traffic in drink, which has been going on for centuries, should have proved so complete a failure. On the contrary, they would have thought it strange had the result been in any way different. If the object is to regulate a trade, the worst possible method of doing it is to convert it into a monopoly. Human nature is always tender towards the holders of vested interests, even when these vested interests relate to nothing more sacred than an exclusive right to enable your neighbour to get drunk. Sir Wilfrid Lawson says that in all his experience he has never yet met with a man who was prepared to advocate free-trade in drink in its integrity. This statement is really founded on a misconception of what free-trade in drink means. Sir Wilfrid Lawson assumes that there cannot be freedom of trade if any measures are taken to guard against the disorders incident to the carrying on of the trade. On this principle there is no freedom of traffic in the streets of London, because, wherever there is an unusual crowd of vehicles, the police direct them when to move on and when to stand still. No doubt the present licensing system does involve an interference with freedom of trade, because one object of it, though not pursued with any rational or consistent purpose, is to reduce the dimensions of the traffic. The licensing magistrates do often wish to keep down the number of public-houses. They exercise a paternal care over the welfare of the district, and refuse to give the inhabitants any additional opportunities of getting drunk. But, though the existing licensing system does involve interference with trade, it by no means follows that freedom of trade would involve the complete abolition of the licensing system. The change would relate to the object aimed at rather than to the method pursued. At present Parliament has never been able to shake itself free from the notion that it is its duty in some undefined degree to apportion the supply of public-houses to the supposed wants of the nation. Under a system of free-trade all thought of doing this would be abandoned, and the attention of the Legislature would be exclusively turned to the mode in which public-houses were conducted. Supposing that there was neither permitted drunkenness inside the houses, nor disorder consequent upon drunkenness outside them, Parliament need not be distressed if there were a public-house to every customer. We see not the least objection to the doctrine which Sir Wilfrid Lawson doubts whether any public man will boldly enunciate—the doctrine, namely, that every man should be free to enter on the drink trade, and to exert himself to do as large a business as possible. We are quite willing that this permission should be given, provided that it is clearly understood that, in any instance in which it is abused to the detriment of public order, it will be at once withdrawn. What stands in the way of its withdrawal at present is the quasi-mono-

poly enjoyed by the licensed victuallers. They hold something which has a money value over and above the ordinary value of a good-will and a stock-in-trade. If there were only a certain number of costermongers allowed to ply their trade in London, they would come insensibly to be more respected by the police; and if there were no limit to the number of public-houses, the police would gradually become very much stricter in their dealings with them. The whole question of regulation of hours should be decided on this principle. There is no reason in the nature of things why houses in which beer or spirits are sold should not be left as free to open and close when they like as houses in which bread or meat is sold. The law has no more right to inquire whether a customer takes more than is good for his health of one commodity than of another. The simple question is whether there are circumstances attending the sale of the one rather than of the other which threaten the maintenance of public order; and when it is admitted that there are such circumstances in the case of beer or spirits and that there are not in the case of meat or bread, the interference of the police is at once justified.

But why, it is asked, should a trade be permitted which necessitates the employment of the police to prevent it from becoming a menace to public order? It is impossible to give an answer to this question which will satisfy Sir Wilfrid Lawson, because he does not recognize individual liberty as a thing which is worth preserving. Consequently, the reason which to most men seems absolutely conclusive seems to him to carry no weight at all. We maintain that when the disturbance of public order comes from the excessive use of a particular commodity, it is only the excessive use of it that should be restrained, and that until a disturbance of public order is threatened, the law has no means of knowing that the use has been excessive. If A. wants to buy beer and B. is willing to sell it to him, it is a violation of individual liberty to prevent the transaction from taking place, unless A. will become disorderly if he buys any more, or unless B. has before connived at A.'s becoming disorderly, and therefore has been proved not to be a person who can be trusted to carry on this particular business in a way which will not create a nuisance. Sir Wilfrid Lawson is in the position of a man who entertains so strong a dislike to chemical manures that he wishes to forbid the manufacture of them, even though no noxious smell is allowed to escape from the works. The reasonable view, on the other hand, places traffic in drink on the same footing as that occupied by any other trade which, if carried on without proper precautions, is calculated to cause annoyance to the public. In other words, liberty should be the rule and limitations the exception; and, in devising limitations, great care should be taken to ensure that they go no further than is required to attain the end in view, and that this end goes no further than the restraint of acts which are plainly injurious to the community. We do not say that when an obvious and almost inevitable connexion has been established between acts which in themselves do not interfere with the maintenance of public order and acts which do interfere with it the interference of the law may not be carried further back. For example, it would be perfectly just to treat drunkenness as a serious offence in a man who, when under the influence of drink, had committed a crime. A man who gets drunk for the first time may not be altogether responsible for breaking his wife's bones while in that state. But a man who has once broken his wife's bones in a fit of drunkenness may fairly be punished if he gets drunk a second time, whether he breaks his wife's bones or not. He knows what sort of effect drink has upon him, and he cannot be excused for voluntarily exposing himself to that effect. On the same principle, if it were established that a large proportion of cases of drunkenness result in a breach of public order, it would be fair to punish drunkenness with considerable severity. A man must be considered to will the consequences of his own act when he knows that, in a great majority of cases, these consequences actually follow. But all these methods of dealing with the liquor traffic are totally distinct from the method preached by Sir Wilfrid Lawson. In every one of its forms that method sacrifices the sober man to the reformation of the drunken man. It deprives A., who has never been drunk in his life, of what Sir Wilfrid Lawson admits are to many "very delicious beverages," because B. cannot use these same beverages with decent moderation. This is nothing less than an act of tyranny to A.; and the circumstance that it is a majority of the ratepayers in the parish that are the tyrants does not in the least change the character of the act. If once Sir Wilfrid Lawson's contention is admitted, there will no longer be any security that the liberty of individuals will not be restricted whenever a majority of their neighbours choose to conceive a distaste for what they do.

THE FLOATING DEBT.

LAST week, when moving for leave to renew the 2½ millions of Exchequer Bonds falling due at the end of this month, the Chancellor of the Exchequer took occasion to reply to the observations which have been made on the rapid growth of the floating debt, and at the same time to give some valuable information respecting its composition. The facts, as stated in these columns and elsewhere, the Chancellor admits to be true, but he contends

that we are not justified in calling all the temporary liabilities of the Government floating debt. Of the 24,661,000*l.* which makes up these liabilities, only 12,953,000*l.* is in the hands of the public, the remainder, amounting to 11,708,000*l.*, being held in the form of Exchequer Bonds by the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt. Now Sir S. Northcote insists that the bonds held by the National Debt Commissioners ought properly to be called "unfunded debt," the name "floating debt" being reserved for the amount in the hands of the public. We confess that we fail to recognize this nice distinction. The character of a debt is not determined by its holders, but by the conditions on which it is held. Government debts are and can be of only two kinds—funded and unfunded or floating; the two latter words being indifferently applied to denote the same class of obligations. The characteristic of the funded debt of this country is that its principal is not demandable. If John Smith buys 100*l.* Consols, he cannot demand 100*l.* from the Treasury; all he really acquires is the right to receive 3*l.* every year. In the case of Terminable Annuities the principal is paid back by yearly instalments; but it is still an annuity only which a purchaser gets. It is different with the unfunded or floating debt. It falls due at the end of a specified period, when payment can be enforced. It manifestly constitutes no *differentia* that the period is longer in the case of Exchequer Bonds than in those of Exchequer and Treasury bills. Still, while we must refuse to draw a distinction in point of principle between unfunded and floating debt, we admit that the objections which we urged a few weeks ago against a large floating debt do not apply quite so strongly to that part of it which is held by the National Debt Commissioners. Still they do apply, and with considerable force. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer borrows from a fund under his own control, he is no doubt emancipated from competition and the conditions it imposes. He can fix for himself the rates that he deems just as between lender and borrower, and can renew his obligations as often as may be convenient. But, if the fund is not sufficient for all his requirements, he has to go after all into the open market. The figures we have quoted above show that this is the case, inasmuch as more than half the floating debt is in the hands of the public. Now it is to be borne in mind that, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer did not need this large amount of accommodation, part of the funds of the National Debt Commissioners would find its way into the short loan market, and would be employed in making advances and discounting bills. The effect, then, of the Chancellor's borrowing from the Commissioners is to restrict the supply of money in the short loan market, and therefore to raise rates, and indirectly to make the market unfavourable to the Government. Thus, though in a more roundabout way, it comes to very nearly the same thing, when the floating debt is large, whether the Government borrows from the National Debt Commissioners or from the public. Of course it is not so when the Commissioners are able to satisfy all the Chancellor's requirements; but in that case he would hardly need to apply to them at all. Another point to be remembered is that the National Debt Commissioners have no funds of their own, and that it is quite possible they may need repayment of the loans they make. If, for example, the existing depression in trade were to increase so that the withdrawals from the Savings Banks considerably exceeded the lodgments, there would arise a demand for repayment from the Exchequer. We hope that this is a very improbable danger; still it is one which should not be entirely lost sight of, since in conceivable circumstances it might cause serious inconvenience.

Thus, after receiving the information afforded by the Chancellor of the Exchequer respecting the composition of the floating debt, we come to the same conclusion that we had arrived at when we knew only its amount—namely, that a very large debt of this kind, such as now exists, is an inconvenience to the Government and to the money market, depreciates the credit of the country, and would add needless difficulties to an extensive borrowing operation, should an occasion for such a proceeding arise. And we are still of the opinion we formerly expressed, that the growth of the debt ought to be stopped. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is not prepared to go quite so far as this; but he has brought in a Bill which will very greatly retard the further increase of the debt. As we have explained on a previous occasion, this debt has been accumulated by the Suez purchase, the deficiencies consequent on the military preparations of last year, and the loans to local authorities. The Suez purchase is a thing by itself, not to be repeated. The deficiencies, also, we may expect to see stopped at the end of this year. According to Sir S. Northcote, they amount for last year and the current year to about five millions. Whether they will be sensibly reduced next year, charged as that year will be with the cost of the Zulu war, will depend on whether taxation is increased. In any case, however, we may assume, unless something totally unforeseen happens, that there will be no further deficiencies of this kind. In that case the floating debt can grow only by means of loans to local authorities; and consequently if those loans were stopped altogether, the increase of the floating debt would be arrested, and its amount would be gradually reduced. The Chancellor of the Exchequer does not propose to stop them altogether, but he restricts them very considerably. In the first place, if his Bill becomes law, no more than 100,000*l.* can in future be advanced in any one year to a single borrower. This provision alone will cut off the great towns, which undertake vast improvements costing millions, and will limit the accommodation granted

by the State to small places which would have a difficulty in borrowing in the open market. We may expect in consequence to see the annual estimates for loans to local authorities reduced very far below the four or five millions now voted. But, although this will in itself be a decided advantage, we must not shut our eyes to the resulting disadvantages. The great towns which are public-spirited enough to spend millions under the Artisans' Dwellings Act have unexceptionable security to offer. The improvements they make will enhance the value of that security, and the growth of trade and population will still further add to it. In short, the security is so good that on that very ground it is considered that the great towns do not need State loans, but may be left to find accommodation in the open market. But how about those places which will not be accommodated in the open market except on terms so onerous that they are put forward as a plea for State help? In the Local Government Board Reports we find instances where local authorities were already so heavily in debt that, after the manner of Turkey, they applied part of the proceeds of new loans to pay the interest on old ones. Yet these places are unquestionably in want of means to make sanitary and other improvements. Ought the taxpayers of the United Kingdom to be made to pay for those improvements? And, if not, how are the advances to be recovered in case of default? The Government could hardly distrain the property of Town Commissioners or Boards of Guardians. Another point to be well considered is the tendency of these loans to foster political corruption. If they are made on easy terms, and if for that reason poor localities undertake costly improvements, the burden of the rates will become very heavy; and in that case there might be reason to fear a league of overburdened ratepayers to repudiate the debt to the State. The danger has been foreseen, and, by way of guarding against it, a body of unpaid Commissioners has been interposed between the Government and the borrowers. But the Treasury and the Local Government Board necessarily have to exercise supervision over the loans; and therefore there is a distinct danger that pressure will be put by constituencies upon members, and by members upon the Treasury, both to grant advances where they ought to be refused and to excuse payment where it ought to be enforced.

Another provision of the Bill is that the lowest rate of interest charged shall be 3½ per cent., and that the interest shall be increased in proportion to the number of years over which repayment is spread. This is undoubtedly a sound principle. Prompt payment is for every reason desirable, and it is proper that the interest charged should cover that paid by the State. Perhaps, however, it might be well if the minimum were fixed at 4 per cent. The third and most important proposal of all is that the National Debt Commissioners should be authorized to advance the funds for these loans. After what we have already said, we need not spend many words upon this clause. Should it be adopted, it will undoubtedly relieve the Chancellor of the Exchequer from the necessity of constant appeals to the open market, provided always that the sums lodged in the Savings Banks so much exceed the withdrawals that every year the Commissioners will have a large fresh balance available for the accommodation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. In ordinary times this will of course be the case. With the return of prosperity money will flow into the Savings Banks as of old. If, however, the funds in the hands of the National Debt Commissioners are diverted to this purpose, they will no longer be available for the reduction of the permanent debt. At present there are two methods employed for reducing the debt; the one is by means of Terminable Annuities, the other by the purchase and cancelling of Consols. But in the open market there is little or no demand for Terminable Annuities; and therefore the system would have failed, were it not that the National Debt Commissioners had funds which the Government was able to invest in these annuities. The operation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Bill would thus be to divert for the future these funds to the service of the local loans; in other words, to stop the system of Terminable Annuities, or at any rate to restrict it within very narrow limits. But to do this is in effect, though not formally, to increase the permanent debt. If the reductions rendered practicable by means of Terminable Annuities are no longer made, the debt will twenty years hence be larger by the difference than it otherwise would be. The result will be a lowering of the credit of the country. The steady reduction of the debt raises the price of Consols, which is only another way of saying that it lowers the interest, or, what is the same thing, enables the Government to borrow on easier terms. By preferring therefore to accommodate local authorities, we deliberately relinquish the financial strength and reputation which we should inevitably gain by persistent reduction of debt.

REVIEWS.

MR. GLADSTONE'S GLEANINGS OF PAST YEARS.*

MR. GLADSTONE is so constantly engaged in controversy that critics who may from time to time decline to accept some of his conclusions are necessarily occupied rather with poli-

* *Gleanings of Past Years.* By the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, M.P. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1879.

tical discussion than in forming an impartial estimate of his literary merit. From the two little volumes which he has now published he supposes himself to have excluded "Essays of a controversial kind, whether on politics or religion, and classical Essays." The title of the book would also seem to refer to a more distant period than the last year; yet the greater part of the first volume is devoted to a series of reviews of Mr. Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*, and to Mr. Gladstone's controversy with Mr. Lowe on the county franchise. Those who had not previously read these essays on the *Life of the Prince Consort* will find that they contain valuable information on some parts of constitutional practice which can perhaps only be thoroughly understood by the aid of official experience. It is interesting to observe that Mr. Gladstone, writing before the publication of Mr. Duncley's well-known pamphlet, had not discerned the danger of personal government which has since furnished a pretext for party declamation. Even if Mr. Gladstone had not been a Cabinet Minister during the Crimean war, he is fully competent to have appreciated the result of Mr. Martin's disclosures. It would appear that he generally concurs in the Prince's opinions, and that he has never suspected any attempt at encroachment on the part of the Crown. It is true that Mr. Gladstone has since applied to Lord Beaconsfield the imputation of personal government; but the phrase was originally invented for the purpose of attributing to the Queen and the Prince unconstitutional interference in public affairs. The exercise of power by the responsible Minister is the negation of personal government by the Crown. The essays on the county franchise are still more exclusively devoted to current politics. The question has been again and again debated, and it is pleasant to pass for a time to literary or biographical topics.

There is no reason why a great orator should not be also a successful author. Cicero, Bacon, Burke, Guizot, and Thiers have been almost equally eminent in both capacities; but it may be said without disrespect that Mr. Gladstone's fame, thus far, rests on his speeches rather than his writings. His literary style, though it is clear and correct, has little of the fervid impetuosity of his oral eloquence; and it is rather a merit than a fault that it is not so inexhaustibly copious. Perhaps the rivalry which he has most to fear is that of his own pre-eminence in another department of intellectual activity. Only a few contemporary writers can be regarded as his superiors; and scarcely one has accumulated so large a store of various knowledge. Although, as he sometimes reminds the world, Mr. Gladstone is no longer young, his style has become easier and more idiomatic by constant practice since he retired from office. Polish, condensation, and justness of thought are perhaps not equally promoted by incessant production. The second volume of the present collection contains essays on Blanco White, on Leopardi, on Bishop Patteson, on Tennyson, Macaulay, and Dr. Norman Macleod. The review of Tennyson, written after the publication of the earlier *Idylls of the King*, is at the same time enthusiastic and just. It is characteristic of Mr. Gladstone that he employs himself in refuting, with superfluous cogency of argument, the outrageous eulogy of war which in *Maud* is placed in the mouth of a morbid recluse on the verge of madness:—"We ask the hero of *Maud*" whether the evils which he denounces would be cured or mitigated by war? "Will more babies be poisoned amidst comparative ease and plenty, or when, as before the fall of Napoleon, provisions were twice as dear as they are now, and wages not much more than half as high?" The question, though it is unanswerable, is addressed to a shadow. If the hero of *Maud* had existed in real life, he would have combined with a marvellously vivid imagination entire ignorance of economy or politics, and total indifference to the price of provisions and the rate of wages. In republishing the review Mr. Gladstone himself recognizes the temporary bias which had interfered with his due appreciation of one of the greatest works of the poet. He still indeed doubts whether the poem has a "full moral equilibrium"; but he admits that Mr. Tennyson's execution is nowhere more perfect. It was unnecessary further to reassure himself by quoting the line which affirms that lawful and lawless war are scarcely even akin. That ill-balanced minds might be still further disturbed by such an excitement as the outbreak of the Russian war after forty years of peace is as true as the simplest moral proposition, and it rests on subtler observation. Mr. Gladstone's more sympathetic criticism on the *Idylls* includes some interesting remarks on the mythology which Mr. Tennyson has revived and partially reconstructed. The legends of Arthur and of Charlemagne belong, according to Mr. Gladstone, to an age similar, though not equal, in creative power to that of Homer. "The Gospel had given to the life of civilized men a real resurrection, and its second birth was followed by its second youth." The original poems which record the achievements of the two great heroes of the West and their companions are fragmentary and rare, for Ariosto wrote of Charlemagne and his knights in as modern a spirit as that of Mr. Tennyson. Except as a reason for incessant war with the Mahometans, the Gospel might be dropped out of the *Orlando Furioso* without being missed. Indeed one of the most virtuous heroes remains a pagan nearly to the end of the poem, and his baptism merely records a change of sides in the war. Mr. Tennyson, appreciating more justly the artistic capabilities of religion, has made King Arthur a Christian hero, and he has also elaborated in almost excessive detail the fantastic story of the *Holy Grail*. The doctrine of the pious minority of the Round Table is the asceticism of mediæval monks, which perhaps harmonizes better than a rational creed with the general character of the tale. Arthur had to fight the heathen "swarming o'er

the Northern sea," as Charlemagne contended against the Saracens. It was proper that the fabulous as well as the historical warrior should hold the faith of which he was champion; but probably the original Arthur may not have been even a Christian. To a certain extent he was adopted into their own traditions by the descendants of his enemies; but it was not till Mr. Tennyson arose that he became a perfectly virtuous and orthodox character. Mr. Gladstone's eloquent praise of the poem of *Guinevere* is well deserved; but in this instance he is again perhaps too much inclined to introduce into a critical estimate irrelevant ethical considerations. If it was opportune to moralize, he might have pointed out a remarkable passage in which it is shown how even the persistent Guinevere had retained from her previous life a certain imperfection of casuistry. When she finds that Arthur is greater than Lancelot, she concludes that it had been her duty to love the highest, apparently without reference to the accident that he was her husband. If Mr. Gladstone is well informed, the original Lancelot is greater than Arthur, so that, according to her own rule of conduct, Guinevere was in the right. Mr. Gladstone's other comments on Tennyson are worth studying after twenty years from the date of their publication.

The most interesting essay in the collection is a review of Mr. Trevelyan's *Life of Lord Macaulay*, or rather, a criticism of Macaulay's character, which is both generous and acute. Two contemporary politicians and authors could scarcely be more strongly contrasted in character and intellect than Lord Macaulay and Mr. Gladstone. A skilful and effective rhetorician, Macaulay scarcely cultivated the art of Parliamentary debate, and politics, though he was a warm and consistent partisan, never formed his principal object of study and interest. It is difficult to believe that he could have succeeded as a leader of the House of Commons as well as many men of less ability. On the other hand, he was born a brilliant writer, and fortunately for him he was mainly interested in subjects which could by skilful treatment be made eminently popular. Mr. Gladstone's sympathies are in some directions deeper and wider than Lord Macaulay's, and the part which he has taken in public affairs is far more considerable; but his literary achievements are, as he would willingly admit, not to be compared with the *Essays* and the *History of England*. If Macaulay had been the survivor and the critic, he would probably have done less justice to Mr. Gladstone than he receives from him. The great orator who treats all political questions with passionate vehemence, and who becomes every day more enthusiastically devoted to the triumph of democracy, would have puzzled the orthodox Whig historian. He would have classified all Mr. Gladstone's moral and intellectual peculiarities in two contrasted catalogues of qualities, for the purpose of paradoxical antithesis. His favourite phrase, "such is the inconsistency of human nature," might have been more plausibly, though not more accurately, applied to Mr. Gladstone than to Marlborough in history or to Boswell in literature. Mr. Gladstone's personal relations with Macaulay were probably friendly; and he could scarcely fail to share the attraction which Macaulay's character exercises as it is represented by his biographer. A just tribute is paid to the inexhaustible capacity of domestic affection which Mr. Trevelyan made known for the first time to the world at large. "His simplicity and tenderness vied all along in graceful rivalry with the manly qualities which in none were more pronounced." The literary estimate of his works is scarcely less favourable. Mr. Gladstone justly admires Macaulay's laborious industry, "the more because his natural speech was in sentences of set and ordered structure well nigh ready for the press." Perhaps Mr. Gladstone's eulogy requires some modification. Macaulay shrank from no labour which he deemed to be necessary; but he relied too often on his memory, without observing that his version of a fact or his judgment of a transaction, while it was remembered with unflinching accuracy, may have been in the first instance tainted with error. He could recall the words of a passage or the details of an event which he had first known twenty or thirty years before; but a misunderstanding or imperfect appreciation was not rectified by fresh inquiry. As Mr. Gladstone says, he never wrote anything which he believed to be untrue; but no historian of equal attainments has written so many things which he ought to have known to be untrue. It was not his habit to believe that he could have been mistaken. Mr. Gladstone comments with just severity on the want of candour which prevented him from accepting corrections of misstatements which may have been in the first instance excusable. In his lifetime Mr. Paget proved that he had confounded the celebrated William Penn with another person, and that he had entirely misrepresented material facts in the history of Marlborough. Sir Elijah Impey's grandson in a ponderous volume would have rehabilitated the character of his ancestor, if only he could have obtained a hearing. Mr. Churchill Babington, as Mr. Gladstone truly says, confuted the celebrated chapter in which Macaulay ridiculed the English clergy at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and even showed that some of the libels on Tory parsons were borrowed from a Tory pamphlet written as a lampoon on the Whigs. Many other instances of the same kind might be quoted; but Macaulay never would acknowledge himself in the wrong. He seems actually to have persuaded himself that he had converted a Quaker deputation to his wholly unfounded version of the character and conduct of Penn. Mr. Gladstone makes additions of his own to Mr. Babington's argument, with the result of showing that Macaulay's account of the clergy is absurdly inaccurate. But, as he says, the exposure of the popular historian's blunders is contained in obscure books and

pamphlets, while, as Macaulay well knew, his statements are perpetuated in hundreds of thousands of copies. "Since the time when Père Daniel, the Jesuit, with guns unlike Mr. Babington's in being at once so ponderous and so weak, replied inaudibly to the raking and devouring fire of Pascal, there never has been a case of such resistless absolutism in a writer, or such unquestioning and general submission in the reading world." To Macaulay's merits as a writer of pure English Mr. Gladstone does ample justice. No better criticism has been published on the most popular of modern historians.

An essay on the life and writings of Leopardi, written many years ago, contains much information on a less familiar subject. Mr. Gladstone has a wide acquaintance with Italian literature, and he has evidently saturated his mind with Dante almost as thoroughly as with Homer. His judgment that Leopardi is the first of modern Italian poets deserves respect, though perhaps an exception might be made in favour of Giusti. His sympathetic record of a short and melancholy life is not the less interesting because he regards Leopardi's religious opinions with profound regret and disapproval. A notice of Miss Yonge's *Life of Bishop Patteson* must have been a more congenial task. An attentive reader may perceive that Mr. Gladstone is attracted by the Bishop's doctrines as well as by his admirable character and by his beneficent life. With Dr. Norman Macleod Mr. Gladstone has less sympathy; and from some passages in the essay those who suspect that Mr. Gladstone is disposed to promote disestablishment in Scotland and in England may derive confirmation of their hopes or fears.

DIXON'S BRITISH CYPRUS.*

"BLANK verse is not argument," as Thackeray says, nor is it the best vehicle of political and statistical information. Mr. Hepworth Dixon appears to be of this opinion, and he gives us in *British Cyprus* rather fewer passages of unbroken poetry than usual. His choral anapests are certainly less common, and we do not think that more than a sixth of *British Cyprus* is written in any recognized metrical form. Mr. Dixon, it is true, makes British officers address the Turkish officials in his most majestic strain; and the following passage seems to have escaped from "Cyprus: an unpublished Tragedy," into *British Cyprus*—

ENGLISH OFFICER.

You will retain your post as cadi,
But in the time to come no bribes in court,
No fines divided by the bench.

ALI EFFENDI.

Your Excellency will have to find another judge.

ENGLISH OFFICER.

Why so, Effendi? Do I understand?
Refuse to act unless we suffer you
To pocket bribes and fines!
Bribes which ought never to be paid, and fines
Which ought to go into the public chest?

ALI EFFENDI.

Yes, I must decline.

ENGLISH OFFICER.

Will you explain to me the reason why?

And so forth. It will be observed that the English officer, as a descendant of the Lion Heart, about whom Mr. Dixon has a good deal to say, has the blank verse to himself. We have supplied the names of the speakers in the dialogue, but the fragment should be studied in *British Cyprus* (p. 4). The very stage directions are in verse; for example, "a shrug is all the answer he receives"—a line which gives a useful hint to the actor who may be charged, when Mr. Dixon's *Cyprus* is played, with the small but not unimportant part of Ali Effendi.

In Mr. Hepworth Dixon's books it is always the form which first strikes the attention of the reader. Mr. Dixon is the converse of so many modern versifiers, who write prose when they imagine they are producing poetry. He turns out poetry when nothing is expected but prose. Like other singers, he has his favourite picturesque words. Mr. Swinburne makes a good deal of play with "iron," "blood," "tears," "fire," and "lips." Mr. Dixon rather prefers to use old words in new senses. Thus, in fiction, his characters do not speak, but "hiss," "yelp," "anarl," and so forth. In the same way Mount Olympus, in this new epic, shall we call it, of British rule, "bulges," where a common writer would say "rises." "Above that Moslem mosque, beyond that Christian convent, bulges up Olympus." It has come to this; and the seat of the gods, "by winds unshaken, and never wet with rain," is on the bulge, in a Cyprus truly British. Not only does Olympus bulge; admirals "curl." "Curling round a disused cemetery, he [the admiral] entered Nicosia by Famagosta gate at eleven o'clock." Many other flowers of speech must be gathered in Mr. Dixon's pages; but it is time to say something of his book as a whole.

Though *British Cyprus* is a perfect museum of specimens of bad taste, though Mr. Dixon revels in the display of considerable ignorance, the book is by no means worthless. When he has to describe an incident—say a scene in court or an interview with a Cypriote of any class—or when he draws a picture of the town of Nicosia, Mr. Dixon does his work well. When he lapses into simplicity of style he is always trustworthy. He kept his eyes

open, and he really saw a great deal of Cyprus. As he was a guest on board the flagship, and was intimate with the High Commissioner, he might be expected to have some little bias. He evidently does his best at first to bless Cyprus, but the attractions of truth are powerful; and, if we compare different passages in his book, the general effect is far from ideal. He quotes Horace's "Beatam Cyprum," and does not quote the equally hackneyed "infamem nimio calore." His pages show that both extreme verdicts have some justification.

Mr. Dixon's book opens with three "word-paintings" in his characteristic manner. He shows us an Orthodox monk whose aim in life (if we may say so) is to be buried in a certain sarcophagus, "to which his claim is open to much dispute." Then there is our friend Ali Effendi, the judge who cannot live on his salary, and is not allowed to take bribes. Lastly, comes an Arab porter, and in the background a British officer calls the Cypriotes "rascals"—a very English way of humouring the people whom we have purchased. No doubt readers who like information in a pictorial form will learn a good deal from this chapter. In his second chapter, Mr. Dixon makes out that Cyprus is to us what Calais was in the middle ages. *Absit omen.* Later he finds in Cyprus a parallel to Walcheren, and again we say *absit omen.* He is portentously unlucky in his historical illustrations. Mr. Dixon is most unconsciously instructive in his general blessing of the island. He calls Cyprus "the happy" and the "blest." "Howling wilderness! O demons of Mar Saba, Bitter Creek, and Arabia Petrea, how ye must grin at such abuse of words!"—for some one ventured, in Mr. Dixon's presence, to call Cyprus a "howling wilderness." Again, "in the most favoured climates of the earth, we seldom find more than a special gift; as dates in Cairo, oranges in Jaffa, apricots in Damascus, figs at Smyrna, grapes in Corfu, pomegranates in Granada. Cyprus has all these things at once . . . where can vineyards compare with those of Limasol?" &c. We might fancy that even England has more than one fruit, and that the vineyards of Spain and France can "see," as the Americans say, those of Limasol. Mr. Dixon proceeds to call the Pedia "a lesser Nile, lavine and fertilizing an alluvial bed."

This is very well—magnificent in fact; but Mr. Dixon soon comes down from these poetic elevations. "From Larnaca to Nicosia is twenty-seven miles. . . . By way of Dali it is rather more; by way of Athreno it is rather less. Both tracks run over ridges, through a parched and stony waste. . . . No water, save at one poor hamlet, standing on the river Idalia, was to be expected on the road." And Mr. Dixon asks how the Admiral was to march fifteen thousand men "across that burning waste." If a road across two-thirds of the breadth of the island leads only through a waterless waste, the term "howling wilderness" is not so inappropriate. Probably the place is not nearly so bad as Mr. Dixon, hurrying in search of a good picturesque set of words, makes it out to be. That is the worst of picturesque writing; one never knows how much is really meant. As to the "lesser Nile," the Pedia, Mr. Dixon frankly says, "except in rain, and shortly after rain, the Pedia is dry." The Pedia seems to be a very much lesser Nile indeed. Thus, by checking one of Mr. Dixon's statements by another, we make out a kind of approximate truth which is sufficiently instructive. Mere partisans, however, may quote isolated passages—the "earthly paradise" and the "lesser Nile" on one side, the "burning waste" and dried-up river on the other.

Like other writers on Cyprus, Mr. Dixon tries his hand at a little ethnology. We have never seen such wild ethnology. As to the Cypriotes, Mr. Dixon says:—"Fact first is clear; they are of Aryan, not Semitic root. That fact is settled by their speech." Mr. Dixon does not seem to be aware that language is perhaps the most fallible of all tests of race. The Cypriotes are the most mongrel people in the world; but, if one goes far enough back, there is in them a distinct Phœnician strain. Though Aryan, he goes on, they are not Greek. "They are of Pelasgic origin." Mr. Pecksniff did not more eagerly desire to see Mrs. Todgers's idea of a wooden leg than we to know what Mr. Dixon thinks about Pelasgians. The ordinary opinion seems to be that Pelasgians were, so to speak, Greeks in the making. The Albanians, on the other hand, with their learned friends, make out that they are the only genuine Pelasgians. On which side is Mr. Dixon? or can the two theories be reconciled? He has discovered that Carians, Lycians, and Pamphilians "became the Cypriotes," which is partly correct, and that they "sought their alphabet in Sidon." Mr. Dixon's authority is a weighty one, but is he so sure that the Cypriot syllabary is a form of the Phœnician characters? We have no hypothesis to oppose to that of Mr. Dixon, but he might have put forward his own with a little qualification. Pelasgic or not, Aryan or not, the modern Cypriotes, he says, are in a bad way:—

What they are they were: and what they were they are—an indolent, careless, and mimetic people, but without a spark of Turkish fire, without a touch of Grecian taste. With neither beauty of body nor sense of beauty in the mind—with neither personal restlessness nor pride of origin—with neither large aspirations nor practical dexterity of hand, they live on, in a limpid state, like creatures of the lower types, clinging to life for life's own sake; voluptuaries of the sun and sea; holding on by simple animal tenacity through tempests which have wrecked the nobler races of mankind.

What life lived in a limpid state may be, and whether a limpid life is worth living, we cannot guess. Does Mr. Dixon mean "in a limpet state"—in the happy molluscos condition of the periwinkle? Does he mean "in a limp state"—in a languid case?

* *British Cyprus.* By Hepworth Dixon. London: Chapman & Hall, 1879.

A rather valuable part of Mr. Dixon's book deals with our relations to the Orthodox Church. He does not love "his Beatitude," the Primate of the island. This prelate, who must always be one of the most powerful people in Cyprus, is no longer represented in the Council. Recent reports say that his addresses to the High Commissioner must be written in Turkish, which he cannot be expected to relish. He has great difficulty, under our rule, in collecting his church rates and tithes:—

Wise with the wisdom of a priest, he has always hidden the more repulsive side of his great office from the public sight. While grinding his dimes out of the poor peasantry, he has continued to throw the odium of enforcing payment of those taxes on the Turks. No shepherd ever heard his voice, no farmer ever felt his claw, in those affairs. His voice was only heard from the cathedral altar, chaunting a lofty psalm; his hand was only raised in great processions, holding up the golden icon of his Church. The wretch who rode up to the peasant's hut, and tore the last chicken from that peasant's hen-coop, was a zaptieh. Neither pope nor monk assisted him in his odious work. His uniform was the Sultan's uniform, his violence was the Sultan's violence. Geronymo got the money, but his rival at the konak got the blame. Whatever rancour was excited in the peasant's bosom settled on the civil power.

As to the government of Cyprus, Mr. Dixon remarks that new laws are not so much needed as a strict enforcement of the old rules. This agrees with what other authorities report. A difficulty is found in abolishing the classic right of sanctuary. We appear to have shown great energy in sanitary matters, and to have suppressed the old local self-government:—

Under Ottoman rule the representatives of the people had a majority of votes. Under English rule, representatives of the people are altogether excluded from the board. Formerly, the Cypriotes had as much control over their own affairs as English people; now they are as helpless as a multitude of Russian serfs.

Such changes must be judged by the results; but for the time they have an ugly look. One hardly likes to see a popular franchise filched away, even though we get a cleaner street and stronger pier in payment for the theft. No rights are prized so much as local rights to which a man is born. The story of our city wards is full of warnings on that point. More than one English king has started on his downward path by tampering with the rights of city wards. No race, however weak, prefers a stranger in the chair of state.

Though Mr. Dixon's reports of what he saw are the valuable part of his book, he allots much space to what he only imagines. In a discussion about the nomadic life he says, "A pastoral people never drives." Mr. Dixon had better consult Colonel Yule's *Marco Polo*, or the accounts of the Tartar invasion of Russia. He is of opinion that riding is an earlier practice than driving. Greek and Egyptian antiquity testify to the very reverse. In two dialogues between himself, a Greek, and a Turk he throws the blame of the harem system, and the praise or dispraise of adopting the crescent as an ensign, on Greece. About the crescent opinions may differ, but the Greeks had no harem when we first meet them in Homer. Again, his Turk rebukes and confutes the Greek in the matter of the pre-Turkish crescent; but the worthy Moslem might have gone on to puzzle him with the history of the pre-Christian cross. Mr. Dixon remarks, "When the Ottomans overran the Greek Empire, they were not yet converted to the Prophet's faith." When Gibbon says "The whole body of the Turkish nation embraced with fervour and sincerity the religion of Mahomet," and when he adds that the new invaders of the Roman Empire united "the Scythian valour with the fanaticism of new proselytes," he could not guess that he would be confuted by Mr. Dixon. On the other hand, Gibbon was probably aware that "Cyprus was peopled earlier, civilized earlier than Britain." This discovery is not so original as some of Mr. Dixon's other statements.

Perhaps the most curious fact mentioned in this volume is that the Cypriotes have a superstitious reluctance to milk cows. As Mr. Dixon has noticed, like General Cesnola, that the Orthodox priests in Cyprus wear caps not unlike those of the old priests of Astarte, he combines his information, and comes to this conclusion:—

Thus, our pope on the Plain, though neither eunuch nor bachelor, dresses like a priest of Astarte, and his homely wife, though praying outwardly to the Virgin Mother, is a worshipper of Isis.

A really original piece of information in Mr. Dixon's book is to be found in the statistics of population. It seems only too probable that infanticide is commonly practised, a fact which we do not remember to have seen noticed by General Cesnola, Mr. Hamilton Lang, or M. de Mas Latrie. There are other curious revelations in the chapter headed "Rustics." They will not astonish, perhaps nothing would astonish, people who really know rural England.

The harbours and the healthiness of Cyprus are matters on which authorities differ. Mr. Dixon has a better opinion of Famagosta Harbour than Sir William Vernon Harcourt or M. de Mas Latrie. His ideas are the most sanguine that we have anywhere met. Let us hope he is in the right here, and also that his appreciation of the value of "Cyprus diamonds" is more accurate than that of the French authorities. We extract a passage from a chapter characteristically headed "Charnel House":—

Still, we have much sickness in our camps, and we should face the facts like men. Looking into those camps, I have studied the faces of many invalids. Some of the men are pitiful to see. Wasting in the fervent heat—their red cheeks, turning white—their bright eyes growing dim—the poor fellows lie in their tents—gaping and helpless. They are stricken in the pride of strength. It is enough to break your heart. At Cerinia, at Papho, at Larnaca, at Nicosia, in every place where we have troops, I have seen them. Larnaca is the worst, for Larnaca is built on a cemetery, and is a home of pilgrims and of plague.

Mr. Dixon justly remarks that the life of idle soldiers really en-

courages disease. While the officers are busy the men "broil under their tents, sucking in dysentery in the form of figs and grapes, and asking when the sun was going to set." The remark about "plague" is an exaggeration.

We cannot praise the taste of Mr. Dixon, but there is no fault to be found with his temper. In spite of a severe accident, he saw almost all that he ought to have seen, and, we repeat, he has given as accurate an account of Cyprus as his deplorable style permits. That style may have its admirers, but it is the bane of a book which would have been very useful had it been written in a calm and simple manner.

DENNIS'S ETRURIA.*

MR. DENNIS is to be congratulated on having been able to see, after the lapse of more than thirty years, the second birth, so to speak, of a work which has from the date of its first issue established for itself a permanent place in English literature. Throughout that interval the veteran explorer and archaeologist has had an eye open to the progress of research and discovery in the region he had made his own, and has kept himself abreast with every advance in Etrurian exploration, making four tours through the province within the last three years, besides collecting all published notices of discovery and discussions of critical value for incorporation with the results of his original labours. The time has now come, he judges, for once more submitting his work to the public, remodelled and expanded by the help of the latest and most authentic researches, bringing down the history of Etruscan art and archaeology to the present day. He has moreover brought to bear upon the subject the new light gained from similar researches in other parts of Italy, especially at Palestrina, and has not hesitated to take a further step beyond the limits originally assigned to it, adding a description of the recent excavations at Bologna.

It is not as a professed philologist that Mr. Dennis enters upon the antiquarian aspect of his subject, and it is unfortunately upon philological grounds that the early history, and, above all, the ethnology of Etruria has in the main to be decided. He has done his best to collect and to set before the reader the principal theories put forward by critical students of Etruscan lore, with the data upon which they have sought to establish the fundamental affinities of the language, whilst he modestly disclaims any authority to give final judgment upon these vexed questions. We could have wished that he had introduced into his pages more numerous and prominent specimens of the inscriptions out of which the desired light is to be struck. The list in Fabretti's *Corpus*, with its supplements, which is but rarely named by Mr. Dennis, amounts to about five thousand, though unhappily few of these consist of more than the short and conventional mortuary formulæ. Not more than twenty extend beyond five lines in all, and all the knowledge we derive from the writings of the ancients is confined to some thirty words, many of them disguised in great part by the foreign medium through which they have passed to us. There is, moreover, the famous pair of ivory dice from Vulci, showing the Etruscan numerals up to six, but variously identified by rival interpreters, Mr. Isaac Taylor agreeing with Ellis, Campanari, and Migliarioni in only two instances out of the six. Since Mr. Dennis went to press with his new edition there has come to light the interesting discovery at Piacenza of the bronze *templum* with which some Etruscan augur marked out the heavens. The Etruscan vocabulary has hereby been enriched with the word *tiv*, the moon, confirming the previous conjecture that *tiv* meant "month." Amongst other words which it helps to elucidate Professor Sayce announces his belief that he has detected the original of the Latin *lituus*. But at the best there has been no other lost language for the recovery of which our literary apparatus has been so small. A brief but clear summary of the tentative systems of interpretation is given by Mr. Dennis, who, however, omits all reference to the philological labours of Professor Deecke, the most authoritative perhaps of all. Whilst passing slightly over the view of Corssen as to the Italic origin of the Etruscan, and that of Lord Crawford and Balcarres, referring it to the old German dialects, he seems in his latest note to incline towards Müller's theory that in the old Rhetian dialect is to be sought the true key to the mysterious tongue, albeit he has left standing in the text his strongly expressed opinion against the Rhetian origin of the Etruscans. He considers that Dr. Helbig very ingeniously "demonstrates," from a consideration of the length of the Etruscan *secula* as given by Varro, that the alphabet must have been introduced into Etruria between 750 and 644 B.C., though leaving it a disputed point whether these characters came directly from Phœnicia or were received through Greece, as Müller and Mommsen were of opinion; Mr. Daniel Sharpe, on the other hand, from a comparison with vestiges of alphabets discovered in Lycia, deriving them from Asia Minor. As regards the physiognomy of the Etruscan race, judging from the representations upon tombs or vases, no less discrepancy exists amongst the leading authorities. Mr. Dennis inclines towards those who see in these a strongly marked Oriental, and indeed Mongolian type, the obliquely placed eyes in the case of the Cervetri sarcophagus in the British Museum being such as no Aryan ever possessed. Whatever place may be found for the Rhetio-Alpine element relied upon by

* *The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*. By George Dennis. Revised Edition, recording the most Recent Discoveries. With Map, Plans, and Illustrations. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1878.

Niebuhr, and in a modified degree by Müller, all evidence points towards a large infusion of race, of language, and of culture, from at least one Eastern source. It requires certainly some boldness, as Professor Sayce urges, to uphold the Pelasgic theory in the face of the recent advance in ethnological and philological research in relation to the early races of Southern Europe. It is indubitably towards the East that all may be said to point for the introduction, at all events, of the art of writing, the earliest alphabet yet discovered—that on a vase from the Regulini-Galassi tomb—being in the character known as the Chalcidian Greek.

It is, however, apart from scientific problems of race or language, and still more of polity or religion, that Mr. Dennis has from the first looked for appreciation, or that the candid critic will sit in judgment upon his work. The value of his *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria* lies in the thoroughness and the exactitude which he has brought to his personal survey of the sites and of the monuments or works of art they exhibit. None but those who have traversed this interesting field with the work in their hands can adequately appreciate its faithfulness and fulness. It is not, however, to be set down as a mere handbook to the region under survey. The copious reading and the amount of classical illustration which have gone to its preparation make it in a high degree what the author from the first intended it to be—a manual of classical and antiquarian reference. The new edition bears witness throughout to the conscientious care with which he has sought to maintain this character of the work. The illustrations have been multiplied well nigh threefold, bringing in every important tomb that has been opened during the interval, and incorporating much new information from the writings of leading antiquaries, and especially from the publications of the Archaeological Institute of Rome. We get, among other tokens of recent progress, an admirable woodcut from a photograph of the above-mentioned sarcophagus of terra-cotta in the British Museum from the ancient Cære, finer even than that in the Louvre disinterred at the same spot by the Marquis Campana in 1850. These two striking monumental groups may be classed among the earliest known specimens of the fictile art of Etruria. They are referred by Mr. Newton to about the year 500 B.C.

Few discoveries of late years surpass in interest that of the Grotta dei Rilievi, opened in the same year by Campana. Mr. Dennis's woodcut sets vividly before the eye what must have thrilled the mind of one penetrating, after so many centuries, into this undisturbed chamber of death. There, upon a bed of stone in a niche or recess at the rear of the vault, lay the unconfined corpse of some unknown prince or *Lucumo*, his metal shroud half corroded to dust. On the slab beneath his couch was to be seen one of the mysterious divinities of the Etruscan Hades, Typhon or Charon, bearing a rudder in his right hand and a snake in his left; before him Cerberus, his three heads painted red, white, and black, and his neck bristling with a collar of snakes. On the pilasters to the right and left of the tomb hung shields in relief, painted yellow (as if to represent gold or brass), of the circular Argolic form adopted by the Romans, together with a store of multifarious and puzzling instruments or weapons, besides axes, swords, and clubs. There was a pair of those mysterious twisted rods, found only in two other sepulchres—in the Typhon tomb at Corneto, and beneath the portico of the temple-tomb at Norchia. Their use was obviously religious, and their presence in this tomb is taken by Mr. Dennis, with reason, to indicate the interment of some *augur* or *arusper*, if not some *Lucumo* of high rank in the Etruscan hierarchy. On one side hung a large *olpe* or pitcher, and on the opposite pillar a long, straight *lituus* or trumpet, a pointed *kylix* or drinking bowl, and a bottle suspended by a string round its neck. At the entrance to the tomb stand two marble *cippi*, in shape like the hat of a Calabrese peasant, one of them bearing the Etruscan inscription—

"MATUNAS LAIRIAL
AN. CNEVTHIKER CHUNTHE."

The name *Matunas*, occurring also in three of the niches, may be taken to indicate the owner of the tomb. For a more detailed description of this remarkable tomb the reader is referred to the notices of M. Noël des Vergers, and the late Sir Gardner Wilkinson. As an illustration of the Etruscan mode of sepulture, as well as of the decorative art and symbolism of the most characteristic period, it scarcely yields in interest to the famous Grotta Regulini-Galassi tomb or that of the Tarquins at Cervetri. Another valuable discovery of recent years is that of the Grotta delle Lastre Dipinte, barely a hundred paces from the "Tomb of the Reliefs," yielding a series of painted slabs or tiles, probably attached at one time to the walls, like the bas-reliefs at Nimroud. They are coloured red, yellow, black, and white. Two bear the figure of a sphinx, and appear to have been placed facing each other, one on each side of the doorway. The other three exhibit groups of human figures, variously conjectured to be from a festive or a funeral procession. These paintings belong to the archaic or infantine period of Etruscan art. A series of six tiles, very similar in style, was disinterred at Cervetri by Campana in 1856. These are now in the Louvre. Faithful transcriptions of them have been obtained by Mr. Dennis, and woodcuts from these inserted in his work. The largest of them represents a sacrificial scene, which is not, however, to be connected with that of Iphigenia, as might be suggested at first sight. The style of art is purely Etruscan, free from all Hellenic influence, and highly realistic. The figure standing at the altar has none of the attributes of a priest, and is the least imposing in type of the whole group. The female borne in the arms of the winged demon seems meant for a corpse rather than a victim. A small winged figure on another tile in the same series doubtless

represents the soul of the deceased woman, as the grey-bearded mourning figure seated before a priest who bears a staff is most probably that of the mourning father or husband.

For a specimen of the Greek ideal type introduced into portraiture we can turn to no more expressive or beautiful example than the painted profile head from the Grotta del' Orco, opened in 1868. This face is almost the sole remaining fragment of a large composition in which the husband of the deceased lady formed part. His name is to be distinctly read "Arnth Velchas." Of hers, three letters only are to be made out, "Vel." She has deep hazel eyes, rich auburn hair, and an exquisite Greek profile. The same tomb presents a remarkable wall painting, in which figure Aita (Hades), the Etruscan Pluto, Phersipnei (Proserpine), and the three-headed Kelun (Geryon). Another wall bears a fragmentary picture, evidently blind, inscribed Hinthial Teriasals (shade of Tiresias!) and that of a bold majestic warrior, Memnun, the divine Memnon. On the third wall we see These (Theseus) and a figure without inscription, doubtless Pirithous, attempting to carry off Persephone from a horrid beaked demon, "Tuchuleha," from whose hair rise two snakes and asses' ears. Mr. Dennis remarks upon the resemblance between these paintings and those in the Tomba Golini at Orvieto. No selection on our part can well do justice to the profusion of illustrations, as well as of supplementary matter, with which he has enriched his work, making it more than ever the exhaustive and indispensable guide for all those who would study this most interesting region of long-buried art and archaeology.

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER.*

MR. MARK HOPE is dissatisfied—and very likely with good reason—with the management of private lunatic asylums. He disapproves, moreover, of much that goes on in our prisons. He considers that there is great need of reform in the administration of justice and in the unpaid magistracy. Magistrates' clerks he evidently regards as a corrupt set of men. In inspectors of police he places but little trust, while detectives he looks upon with abhorrence. His story he dedicates to "the most illustrious of Hahnemann's disciples," so that we may assume that in this evil world homeopathy, at all events, meets with his approval. But then to approve of homeopathy is to disapprove of what is called allopathy. So that when Mr. Mark Hope looks all round him, on every side he sees much to excite his indignation. But because he is so greatly troubled with the course of the world we do not see that he is justified in writing a foolish novel. Is not the Social Science Congress open to him? There are Sections; let him read a paper. He is earnest, we will take it for granted, in his wish to reform certain abuses. Are we likely to be more moved by his pleadings because he offends us with a most extravagant and unpleasant novel? He says that the chapters in which he describes the hardships suffered by patients in private asylums were not drawn from fancy, but are unexaggerated records of facts. He may be right in this; but we should have had more confidence in his judgment had he been able to tell his story in plain English. A writer who in his language is guilty of extravagances of all kinds cannot with any reason expect that much value shall be attached to his opinions. Then, too, Mr. Hope seems to have a pleasure in describing scenes which should be left only to the columns of the lowest papers. He introduces a minute account of the flogging of a prisoner with the cat—an account which might have been taken word for word from the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Hope's account is so offensive to good taste that we shall not disgust our readers by quoting it. He describes, moreover, at some length, an execution. In fact, he gives a whole chapter to it, and to what in an earlier passage he had absurdly called "the hangman's paraphernalia." What a ridiculous misuse of language it is, by the way, by which a word that was applied to the property of a bride is employed to describe "the beam and drop that formed the gallows." In this scene he does what he can to throw over the whole an air of piety, and, indeed, he makes the chaplain play a more important part than even the hangman. But we are not at all sure that we like it any the better for that. Certainly the unvarnished brutality of the scene where the man is flogged forms a less striking contrast to the passages where a set of worthless officers are introduced than the pious execution. A writer may describe, if he likes, a model gaol chaplain, and may accompany him through every part of his painful duty. He may introduce him comforting murderers on the very steps of the scaffold. He may make him talk with all theunction of the model clergyman of the tract. He may, on the other hand, write a story in which he shall describe the silly conversation of a set of profligates. But we cannot forgive him when he ventures to mingle together the two strains, and this Mr. Hope most certainly does. But we will allow our readers to form their own judgment of the taste with which he mixes the ingredients of his story. Let them compare the following passages. In the first of the two the last scene of the execution is described:—

The criminal himself was voiceless; his teeth chattered. But suddenly he uprose before Michael, a dismal figure, with arms bound to his side and his hands flapping like fins.

* *The Prodigal Daughter: a Story of Female Prison Life.* By Mark Hope. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1879.

"Good-bye, Mr. Christy, sir; God bless you," he faltered hoarsely. "Shake hands with me, sir."

"God bless you," answered Michael, shaking his hand. He was even paler than the man, and could no longer see to read his book. A black door had been swung back, and the winter sunlight flowed over the threshold in a stream of gold.

When Michael could see again the man was standing above him with a white cap drawn over his face. He had seen his last of earth. Michael ascended the steps and stood close by him, reciting from memory:—"Yet, O Lord God, O holy, most merciful Saviour, deliver not Thy servant unto the bitter pains of eternal death."

"Thank you, Mr. Christy, sir," repeated the man faintly, behind his cap. "You're a good man, Mr. Christy, sir. God bless you. Oh!"

In the passage which we will compare with this Mr. Hope is describing the talk of the officer of a regiment of dragoons. Every officer of this regiment, he says, could lay his hand on the breast of his tunic and swear that he had never changed garrisons without leaving some unpaid bills behind. They were hard riders, drinkers, and gamblers. They could all afford to lose 100*l.* over a rubber, or often did so whether they could afford it or not. They recognized two sorts of love—"pewter spoon," the attention paid to barmaids and such light baggage, and "silver spoon," the dangling after married women. Such were these men, and thus did they talk:—

"Does anybody know anything of Tolminster?" asked Colonel Buckman, removing a tankard from his ruddy lips, after a long pull.

"Frank does. His brother is chaplain at the county gaol," remarked one of the circle.

"Frank always has friends in good quarters; he 'hedges,' not knowing what may turn up," cut in a small lieutenant named Bool, who was the Bishop's son.

Frank executed a slow wink: "I'll bet you get into 'quod' before me, Dicky."

"Bet you a level hundred I don't," responded little Bool. "Bet you if your crimes and mine were totted up you'd be first man by many chalks."

"There's a deal of wickedness in little bodies like yours," said Frank. "I think, though, Gayleard beats us all: he's so doosed quiet."

If we could bring ourselves to give at the same time the minute account of the flogging with the cat, and along with it the serious talk of a pious old Quaker, our readers would have before them such a disgusting mixture as happily they very rarely get. When to all this is added the fine and foolish language in which the author too much delights, the effect produced beggars description. A fire breaks out in the town where the regiment is garrisoned, and the cathedral is nearly burnt. It is saved by the chief villain of the piece, Colonel Forester. This man, villain though he was, had some good in him, and so, though he certainly deserved to be hanged, he is allowed to get merely burnt to death like a hero. We distrusted him when he was first introduced to us. He had that pale complexion, that curved nose finely cut, those dark piercing eyes, those black whiskers and moustache, and those quiet, composed, undemonstratively polished manners, which in a member of the aristocracy are generally the marks of a villain. He was deep in debt; but, though he was married to another woman, he was engaged to the only daughter of a millionaire. He had first got his wife shut up in prison on a false charge of attempting to commit murder, and then had had her removed to a private madhouse, though she was perfectly sane. It is, indeed, a dreadful thing to learn that at the present time an unscrupulous colonel can get his wife committed to prison to wait her trial for an attempt to murder, can then, after she has been shut up for some months, have her bailed out, and, lastly, can at once, as she leaves the magistrate's court, have her hurried off to an asylum. Such deeds as these are certainly not done very easily. The Colonel had to hire so many ruffians to help him that to pay them all he had to borrow money at sixty per cent. "The fee" of one of them alone amounted to 2,395*l.* The result of all this wickedness was, of course, failure and disgrace. The man who received the large fee was, when working for the Colonel, injured in a railway accident. He took to drinking, and killed himself with brandy. The Colonel's faithful servant was suspected of murdering this man. Being arrested, he hanged himself in prison. A third villain was more fortunate, as he escaped to America with a large sum of money. The Colonel himself, as we have said, died of the burns he received. He would certainly have had to follow the example of his servant, and hanged himself, had not the fire broken out just in time, and allowed him to die the death of a hero.

It is in describing this fire that the author best shows how very foolishly he can write. Forester, on the evening of the day when everything had been discovered, went to look at the cathedral in which he had hoped to be married. "He had a prescience now," said the author, "that his marriage would not take place." There was not much need of a prescience in such a case as this. A millionaire does not give his only child to a man who is already married, and who is proved to have been guilty of the worst crimes. "Suddenly, as he stared into the night, with a flashing eye whose light had been renovated by the rekindled spirit within him, it seemed to the watcher that day had come." A house had caught fire. He rushed into the burning pile to save an old woman who was in one of the upper rooms. "He made his way back, pursued by the flames, which the draught of the open door had let loose like a pack of hell-dogs, and which belched after him aloud." When he reached the ground, he had no hair left on his head and face, and his clothes "shredded off him in carbonized ashes." Meanwhile the firemen were doing their best "to bombard the fire-demon," but their fear was "that their ammunition would fail." Lest the reader might be puzzled to know what is the ammunition with which men bombard the fire-demon, the author considerably adds,

"in other words, that the water supply would run short." Unfortunately this did happen to a great extent. A nobleman who was at work at the pumps "ceased when his machine had no more fluid to vomit." Had he been some common fellow he would, no doubt, have stopped when the pump drew no more water. The pipes of other engines "were beginning to gurgle ominously as in a death-rattle." The great danger was lest the cathedral should take fire. Forester, who had supplied the place of the carbonized ashes of his clothing with a sheet in which he was wrapped, climbed up the tower. "Instinct, rather than the rumours he had heard, showed him the dangers of the situation." It is curious what a dislike our novelists have to assign anything to reason. Here we have a man whose limbs had been chafed with oil, and who was therefore in a most inflammable state, who was wrapped up in a sheet, who climbs up a tower that rises from a wooden roof which is close to a burning house, and who knows his danger by instinct. He sees beneath him "the drift of smoke struck athwart by the wind." Apparently the smoke was driving one way and the wind was coming another way. If instinct cannot explain this, it is certainly too hard for reason. Below him, on the cathedral roof, he saw the firemen hunting the fire-sparks as men chase vermin in a sewer. In a line or two further down, when the water is turned on them, the fire-sparks, which were lately vermin, give a hiss as of a scorpion at his death gasp, while the fireman husbands his water as a sportsman does his powder. The roof was saved, but next the belfry was in danger. "A glamour of purple was thrown on the coppery sides" of the bells. The woodwork had caught fire. Forester said with authority, "I will climb up and extinguish it with this sheet." The firemen apparently did not think that a man smeared with oil and armed only with a sheet was very likely to put out a fire. At all events, one of them tried himself to climb up one of the ropes. But he was balked by the oscillation, and, sliding down, in his vertiginous descent not only rasped the skin off his palms by the rope, but frayed his trousers. Here, then, we have two heroes—one with his clothes in carbonized ashes, and the other with his trousers frayed by a rope. Forester, nothing daunted, supported perhaps by the knowledge that he at all events had no trousers left on him to fray, hoisted himself with the alacrity of an ape on to the second row of bells. He had set forth to stalk the fire in its lair like a brute of prey, and his only present thought was how to kill it. The higher we get the more, as the reader will observe, does the fire rise in dignity. It was first like vermin in a sewer, next like a scorpion, and now it is a brute of prey in its lair. As, luckily, only a yard's length of the woodwork was yet alight, the oiled Colonel soon managed to smother the flames with his sheet. The sheet was full of holes, for the flames, short as they were, were yet long as the teeth of a ferocious animal, and bit clean through it. The scorching vapours were like the sanguinary pantings of a tiger-cat at bay. It was a sharp struggle; but the combatant extinguished the last vestiges of the fire, a few scintillating ashes, by falling upon them with his body, exhausted and fainting from pain.

When this wicked Colonel had thus died, the author had cleared away most of the difficulties of his story. He had an inquest or two to hold and a man to hang. Besides that, he had to dispose of the young lady to whom the Colonel was engaged. She died of consumption. His wife—whom he had first deserted and then thrown into a gaol and a madhouse—was free to marry the good hero, the Rev. Michael Christy. Unfortunately the author had given such long descriptions of the Colonel's death and funeral and the murderer's execution, that he does not leave himself space for even the briefest account of the wedding. The next time he writes a story we hope he will employ some of his powers in describing the paraphernalia, not of the hangman, but of the bride.

TWO BOOKS ON AFGHANISTAN.*

WHEN Macaulay in 1849 described the little army formed by Charles II. "as the germ of that great and renowned army which has in the present century marched triumphant into Madrid and Paris, into Canton and Candahar," he scarcely imagined that the readers of his History would, exactly thirty years afterwards, hear that our forces had again occupied the last-named city. Graphic accounts of Special Correspondents have not unnaturally been the forerunners of more elaborate compilations; and both Colonel Malleon and Mr. Fisher have performed a certain service by anticipating a demand for detailed information on historical points. We are much more interested in Afghanistan than in Central Asia, on which we have had so many works; and any volume is welcome that tells us about the Afghans, their climate and productions, revenue and resources. Unfortunately, neither of the works before us gives sufficient information about that which, if we are to hold or to influence any portion of the country, it most concerns us to know. Colonel Malleon is a well-known writer on portions of Indian history. He is conversant with native States, and has been charged with the education of a minor Raja; and, though without the power of consulting original authors, he has had no lack of good secondhand materials. But we wish that

* *History of Afghanistan, from the Earliest Period to the War of 1878.* By Colonel G. B. Malleon, C.S.I. London: Allen & Co.

Afghanistan: and the Central Asian Question. By F. H. Fisher, B.A., and H.M. Bengal Civil Service. London: Clarke & Co. 1878.

he had not been in such a hurry to print. The errors are just of the kind that a careful revision of the proofs would have obviated. And the volume would have been improved by compression of the earlier parts. We also object to the term "overlord" and "overlordship," where "Suzerain" or "superior" would have answered as well or better. In one sentence we are told of a pretender to empire claiming "overlordship over himself." Coffee, in a phrase which we might look for in a diffuse sporting writer, is termed "the fragrant berry." The title assumed by Dost Mahommed was not *Amir-ul-Momerin*, but *Amir-ul-Mumminin*, and it is as old as the Khalif Omar. "To square himself with the agent," is hardly a phrase which a grave writer of history should use. Payandah Khan, the father of Dost Mahommed, had a number of sons. Amongst them Futteh Khan was the most able and ambitious, and for a long time was the head of the Barukzye clan. Colonel Malleon, following the account given by Ferrier and Sir John Kaye, describes Futteh Khan's capacity for administration, his military successes, and his horrible death. All this time he is termed correctly the elder brother of Dost Mahommed; a few chapters further on the relationship is changed by sheer carelessness, and he becomes the father of the Dost. At page 189 we are informed that in a battle between one of the sons of the Emperor Akbar and their uncle Mahomed Hakim, the issue, for the first time, was decided by gunpowder. We are not quite certain whether the author means to fix this as the date when Oriental contests began to be decided by firearms and not by bows and arrows; but we remember that in the memoirs of the Emperor Baber, previously to the time mentioned, cannon are described as having been fired several times with effect. Colonel Malleon is quite right to point to these landmarks of progress, and in a note at page 104 he tells us that the death of the Hindu Raja of Kanoj in a battle with Mahomed Ghor, about the end of the twelfth century, affords the first known instance of the use of artificial teeth. The corpse was recognized by the fact that the teeth, weak at the roots, were fastened in with golden wire. We rather think the Romans had been beforehand with the Hindus in their dentistry, or else how would Colonel Malleon explain the following epigram of Martial?—

Thais habet nigros, niveos Lecania dentes;
Quæ ratio est? emptos hæc habet, illa suos.

The whole point of the couplet is that a Roman lady might, if she liked, provide herself with a splendid set of false teeth.

We now come to the substantial merits of the work. Colonel Malleon, while crowding his pages with battle and sieges, the fate of usurpers and the revolutions of thrones, notes that Afghanistan has very little history of its own. For centuries that hapless country was the battle-field and the prey of other empires. Sometimes it has been closely connected with Bokhara. At one time we read of a conqueror such as Mahmud, who enriches Ghazni with the spoils of foreign raids, and constructs splendid mosques and colleges, palaces and fountains, aqueducts and roads. At another time, under the successors of Timur, Herat becomes a magnificent city, the resort of poets, philosophers, historians, and divines. Here, Candahar is fought for repeatedly by claimants to empire. There, Cabul becomes the centre of prestige and power. We must confess that a great deal of this history, or more properly of the histories of India and Persia, which have got inextricably woven into Afghan politics, becomes wearisome and unattractive. The number of times that Candahar and Herat are occupied by Persian armies, which, in their turn, have to give way to Moghul emperors or Ghilzai chiefs; the contests for power between uncles and brothers, in which the highest triumphs of war or diplomacy are attained by hacking opponents to pieces or putting out their eyes; the treacheries which are unmasked and forgiven, and yet recommence as soon as the fear of punishment is past; the usual varieties of vigorous and aspiring despots, succeeded by grovelling and licentious heirs—all this is, no doubt, truthfully and fairly set out in Colonel Malleon's pages, and the narrative is creditable to his industry and command of materials; but his pages have a tinge of sameness. There are, however, one or two points in which Afghanistan does contribute its quota to the store of political precedent and diplomatic knowledge. Persia, it is quite clear, has more than once coveted the westerly provinces of the Afghan dominion. The Shah, in our own days, has been quite as anxious to gain a permanent footing in Herat as was Shah Abbas in the time of our James I. Then, in the policy of the most powerful of Moghul sovereigns, Afghanistan has always been an important element. It appears to us, however, that the author somewhat misapprehends the real effect of the connexion between India and Afghanistan in the days of Mohammedan ascendancy. The rulers who endeavoured to govern both countries never quite succeeded. They were constantly perplexed about defections at Ghazni and Cabul, while they were trying to administer the Punjab and Hindustan. Or, if they took up their quarters to the north of the Khyber, they were liable to be recalled to the plains of India by the news that Bengal had revolted, or that some Lieutenant or Viceroy had set up an independent standard in some outlying province. Practically the grand period of Mohammedan supremacy in India, from Akbar to Aurangzebe, lasted some hundred and fifty years, and the emperors left the most abiding monuments of their supremacy when they had the least concern with countries north of the Indus. We do not forget that Akbar and his son appointed viceroys at Cabul, and that a contest between the body-guard of Jehangir and the Mohammedan

troops under Nur Jehan, his celebrated mistress, took place on the Jhelum, as the Emperor was on the march to chastise the hill tribes. Indeed the late Sir W. Sleeman, the author of *Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official*, used to speak of this as the finest passage of arms in the history of any country or clan. Five thousand Rajputs broke away from the plains, encompassed the Emperor with a ring of steel, attacked the elephant on which the favourite was seated, and, for the time, rescued him from female domination. The whole scene is finely described by Elphinstone in the tenth chapter of his second volume, and Colonel Malleon might with advantage have referred his readers to previous historians, and have condensed his own narrative. Gibbon, in a memorable chapter, lamented that he had to record the annals of obscure Greek Emperors, to repeat a tedious and uniform tale of weakness and misery, in which the natural connexion of causes and events might be broken by hasty transactions, and a minute accumulation of circumstances would "destroy the light and effect of those general pictures which compose the use and ornament of a remote history." Accordingly, in his forty-eighth chapter, he has compressed the events of nearly six hundred years and the doings of some sixty Emperors into about ninety pages, unencumbered with even one of those pithy and pregnant notes which are sometimes more valuable than the text itself. Colonel Malleon might learn a lesson from the master whose composition of a few days has supplied reading for a few hours, and who, with artistic touches, gives life and animation to scraps of dynasties and shadows of kings. Still we admit that occasionally a noted Oriental character soars above his competitors, welds together loose elements, and leaves his mark on the age. The rise and progress of Nadir Shah would enliven any pages, and there is a really good chapter on the events which followed on the elevation of Ahmed Shah Durani to the throne of Cabul. In fact, the modern history of that Afghanistan in which Englishmen are concerned dates from the establishment of the Durani rule. Colonel Malleon recognizes the ability of Ahmed Shah; explains briefly but clearly his plan of governing the tribes through their own chiefs; notes the elevation of the tribe of Suddozys; and lays stress on the timely check given to the rising Mahratta power in the celebrated battle of Paniput. We concur with the author in thinking that, but for this reverse, which threw back the descendants of Sevaji till we could cope with them, sundry chapters of the early English advance in India must have been sensibly modified, if not wholly rewritten.

We have hitherto considered this volume as some contribution to history. In his later chapters, however, we can assign to it no higher title than that of a mere pamphlet. It seems to us that the author ought exactly to have reversed the proportions of his earlier and his later chapters. He devotes about three hundred and fifty pages to the history of the Afghans down to the ascendancy of the Barukzyes, and leaves only a hundred for the first British invasion, for the policy of abstention after our retirement in 1842, and for the more stirring events of the last two years. Now all the early history might have been disposed of by a condensed summary and a practised pen. The sequence of cause and event is easily traceable. The effects proceeding from conquest, from the changes of a dynasty, from the ascendancy of some born ruler of wild chieftains, stand out prominently and are almost beyond the reach of prejudice. If Colonel Malleon had devoted a few chapters to the doings of the Houses of Ghazni and Ghor, and had concisely shown how the Afghans established their independence, he would have left himself a larger space for the history of our connexion with Shah Shuja, and for the topics of which even the Blue-books do not fully treat. But he is diffuse where he might be epigrammatic, and concise where he ought to have given his facts and reasons at length. It is not quite competent even for a staunch admirer of Lord Beaconsfield to write as summarily of Lord Northbrook as he might write of Shah Abbas, or to describe an avowed change of policy in dealing with Shere Ali as sententiously as he could the issue of quarrels between the Barukzyes and their opponents. As one illustration of our meaning, let us take his chapter on what he calls the British invasion, or Lord Auckland's hopeless attempt to seat Shah Shuja on the throne. The whole blame of the disaster is cast on Macnaghten. The amazing errors of strategy, the miserable incompetence of the general commanding, are scarcely alluded to or are passed over in two lines. We are not concerned to vindicate the character of the murdered Envoy; and that he committed several mistakes has long been allowed by Indian statesmen of very opposite views, while the policy of Lord Auckland has not found a defender in the ranks of the Liberals. But nobody would derive an adequate notion of the political and military blunders of the first Afghan campaign from Colonel Malleon's pages, or would discover that any one except Macnaghten was at all to blame. We, however, thank the author for having compelled us to re-read portions of Sir John Kaye's famous work. Written by that author in the fulness of his powers and with intervals of leisure, from the most ample materials, in a style which had nothing of the turgid sentimentality of the last volume of the Mutiny, criticized or confirmed by the experience of gallant soldiers and able politicians, the *War in Afghanistan* has all the interest of a Greek drama which was "to cleanse the passions by pity and awe." Some of the portraits are finished works of art, the military descriptions are correct and lively; and the general verdict, though severe, is juridical and calm. Kaye

in one sentence, which we recommend to similar critics, pithily records that "there was but one civilian at Cabul, and he was the truest soldier in the camp."

Neither is the chapter on recent events such as would enable an uninformed reader to come to a just conclusion. We are not going to turn a literary review into a political disquisition, or to apportion the responsibility for any present entanglement and possible future complications between one Viceroy and another. All we say is that as a speech on a public platform, or a party pamphlet, the chapter might be in keeping, and it may be that thirty years hence it will be accepted as a fair summary of the diplomacy which ended in a war. But it will not command the assent of a Liberal, it will not convert a neutral, and it was hardly needed to secure the adherence of a Conservative. A more careful analysis of the official disclosures, with fewer disparaging comments, would have lifted this part of the work out of the region of mere controversy; and even in his quotations Colonel Malleon is not always accurate. At p. 444 he quotes, as the sentiments of Lord Northbrook, words to the Ameer which were in reality first used by Lord Mayo, as may be seen by reference to the celebrated letter from that nobleman to the Wali, given at p. 91 of the Blue-book. "Equity and justice" and "rightful rule," and other phrases familiar in this controversy, were inserted at the Ameer's request as an extra paragraph in Lord Mayo's original communication, the only letter then sent by that statesman. It is perfectly true that Lord Northbrook repeated Lord Mayo's assurance to the Ameer in September 1873, from Simla, but he had recourse to the very phrases of his predecessor.

Mr. Fisher's shorter production is liable to the criticism passed on Colonel Malleon's book. The only way to treat a difficult political controversy seems to us either to bring down the narrative to the point where irritation and discussion and party views are likely to prevail, and then to stop; or else to go exhaustively through the whole of the recent papers, and quote enough from the originals to justify any opinion or to point to conclusions. Neither of our authors has adopted the former method. To the latter the Duke of Argyll has just had recourse. Mr. Fisher is a Bengal civilian, who has employed a period of leisure in England in what is called getting up the subject of Afghanistan. He had previously "got up" the subject of Cyprus. There is nothing to show that Mr. Fisher has been employed on the frontier, or that he had previously turned his attention to Afghan politics. And he expressly states that he has been unable to revise his own proof-sheets, owing to his enforced return to India. Yet he does manage to tell us something more about the internal condition of the country than Colonel Malleon has done. The latter has a preliminary chapter on the military roads and the geography, in which are interspersed a few remarks about green fields, delicious fruits, and rich orchards. But Mr. Fisher has collected other particulars as to climate, productiveness, the heights of the mountains, wild and domestic animals, industry, commerce and agriculture, ethnology, and sundry matters much more interesting at this moment than early Arab conquests or palace intrigues. A good deal of this, however, is to be found in the Journal of Sir H. Lumsden's Mission of 1857, published by Dr. H. W. Bellew. And nowhere do we find any estimate of the revenue of the country. An article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, ninth edition, from a very competent pen, states the sum receivable by the Ameer at below half a million of our money. In the last days of Dost Mahommed the whole country was estimated to give about 700,000*l.* Herat by itself is thought to be worth 8 lacks of rupees, or 80,000*l.* a year. It is hardly possible, however, whatever may be the result of the present expedition in a military or political point of view, that our officers should not collect more ample statistics, and form a just estimate of the capabilities of a region which has more than once been described as productive of only "rocks and men."

FOOTE ON PRIVATE INTERNATIONAL JURISPRUDENCE.*

THE title of Mr. Foote's book might cause some perplexity in the mind of a person not versed in legal language. The idea of international jurisprudence is wont to be associated with the affairs of States in their corporate dealings with one another, the obligations of treaties, the rights of belligerents and neutrals, and such like high matters; and it is not perhaps at first sight very clear what private persons can have to do with those compacts made by nations with nations which form the corpus of what is generally known as international law. But as a consequence of the daily increasing intercourse among the various civilized communities of the globe, questions are continually arising affecting the members of those communities which involve the conflict, or at least the consideration, of the diverse systems of law prevailing among different nationalities; and the frequency of these questions has given birth to a new science, having for its subject-matter the formulation of general rules touching the legal rights of those who are not by nature subject to the same jurisdiction. This science, which also embraces all questions of personal status, is that of private international law, and it has already found able exponents in Judge Story and Mr. Westlake. Mr. Foote, while acknowledging the un-

questionable supremacy of those two writers in this domain of legal knowledge, conceives that "a less ambitious summary of the English law on the subject may supply a sensible want," and has accordingly produced his present work. A very orderly book it is. It is divided and subdivided into parts and chapters in the most scrupulously methodical manner; headings, sub-headings, indices, and synopses abound, and each chapter has its summary at the conclusion, with marginal references to the preceding pages; while the whole terminates with a continuous summary designed to refresh the memory of the reader at the close of his labours, and impress upon him the salient points of the treatise.

Of course nationality, which Mr. Foote defines as "the political relationship which exists between a man and the sovereign State to which he owes allegiance," and its kindred subject of nationalization, come in for first consideration, and the legislative enactments are traced which have modified the rough and ready rule of the Common Law, which referred all questions of nationality merely to the test of whether or not a man was born on English soil. In dealing with domicile, however, the statutory guides which are available to decide nationality are lacking, and it often becomes difficult to settle the domicile of a man who is constantly shifting his place of abode. The general rule is well stated by Mr. Foote at p. 10, that "the domicile of origin adheres until a new domicile is acquired, and in the case of an adult this change is effected by a *de facto* removal to a new place of residence, together with an *animus manendi*." What amounts to such *animus manendi* it is often difficult to decide. It must be an intention to settle in a new country as a permanent home, and certain distinctive marks have been adopted as indicating such intention. Such are the considerations where a man's wife and children reside and have their permanent place of abode, where his place of business is, and so forth. A wish to be buried either in the original or assumed place of residence has been held not to afford strong evidence of intention either way, nor does marriage with a native of the country to which the residence has been transferred. The question of domicile usually arises in relation to testamentary dispositions, and very liberal provisions on this point, both with respect to British subjects dying abroad and foreigners dying in England, have been made by a late statute—24 & 25 Vict. c. 121.

The question of a man's capacity to enter into a contract has usually been regarded as regulated by the law of the place where the contract is entered into; as, for instance, although in Prussia legal majority is not attained till twenty-five, a Prussian of twenty-four entering into a contract in England would be held bound by it here. As against this, Mr. Foote quotes, with justifiable surprise and disapprobation, a recent dictum of the Court of Appeal, to the effect that the question of personal capacity to contract was to be decided by the law of domicile. The case in which this dictum occurred was one as to the validity of a marriage celebrated in England between two Portuguese first cousins, prohibited, like all other first cousins, from intermarrying by Portuguese law. The question was therefore, as Mr. Foote justly observes, one rather of the legality of an act—the essentials of a contract of marriage being always regulated by the law of the domicile—than of the personal capacity of the parties, and therefore the dictum above referred to was superfluous and not entitled to very much weight. As might be expected, marriage and its occasional consequence, divorce, occupy no inconsiderable position in private international law by reason of the divergence of the views entertained in different countries as to the conditions and formalities requisite for constituting or dissolving the matrimonial state. People have a hazy idea that by temporarily transporting themselves to another soil they can contract alliances permitted there but prohibited at home—for instance, that an Englishman desirous of marrying his deceased wife's sister has only to get the ceremony performed in Denmark and it will be all right. How mistaken this idea is was shown by the case of *Brook v. Brook*, quoted by Mr. Foote, wherein it was held that nothing short of acquiring a domicile in the foreign State will legalize such a marriage, and that not for all purposes. If however the parties to the marriage may lawfully intermarry by the law of their own country, the formalities customary in the country where the marriage takes place are sufficient to constitute a legal union all the world over. But an exception must be made to the rule in the case of unions which from their peculiar nature our law cannot recognize as marriages at all; and consequently the Probate and Divorce Court has refused to acknowledge a Mormon marriage celebrated in Utah, though both the contracting parties were single at the time of the so-called marriage, even according to the manners and customs of Mormons, on the ground that such marriage was admittedly only the first step towards a state of polygamy. In relation to the deceased wife's sister question, Mr. Foote discusses the anomalous state of affairs produced by the conflict of laws on this subject between many of our own colonies and the mother country, and draws the conclusion that, although theoretically the children of such a marriage celebrated in a colony where it is permitted are legitimate in England, yet practically they are not so, inasmuch as succession to property, real or movable, by devise, bequest, or on an intestacy, is regulated by the law of the country where such property is situate. Nevertheless, a man who, having married his deceased wife's sister in the colonies, should, while she was yet alive, contract another marriage here, would unquestionably be liable to be prosecuted for bigamy.

A curious provision of private international law noticed by Mr. Foote is that which deprives sovereigns who so far demean themselves as to trade in a foreign country of that immunity from legal

* *Foreign and Domestic Law. A Concise Treatise on Private International Jurisprudence, based on the Decisions in the English Courts.* By John Alderson Foote, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, &c. London: Stevens & Haynes.

process which generally attaches to persons of such exalted station—a doctrine recently adduced in the case of the *Charkieh*. Then we have an elaborate disquisition on the privileges of ambassadors and the fiction of extra-territoriality, introducing of course the well-worn story of the arrest of Peter the Great's envoy to this country. A very able argument is addressed to demonstrating the fallacy of the maxim "*mobilia sequuntur personam*," if the term "*mobilia*" be taken in its broader sense of what the English law calls "*personal property*;" many species of personal property devolving according to the law of the country where it is situate, not according to that of the domicile of its owner.

With regard to contracts, it is very evident that some rule must be established regulating the interpretation and enforcement of engagements which may be entered into in one country to be performed in another, and may ultimately find their way before the tribunals of a third, and that the laws of all three jurisdictions must be considered before adjudicating on a case of such a hybrid nature. Mr. Foote lucidly explains the understanding arrived at between civilized nations as to the parts to be accorded to the *lex loci celebrationis*, the *lex loci solutionis*, and the *lex fori* with regard to the formation, validity, legal incidents, and discharge of contracts the operation of which is not confined to the limits of the country of their origin. A difficulty has often arisen in English courts as to the bearing of certain provisions of the English law—such as those, for instance, of the Statutes of Frauds or of Limitations—on foreign contracts, whether they were applicable as matter of procedure, or inapplicable as only affecting contracts entered into here, and this question Mr. Foote very ably discusses and illustrates. On no point do the legal systems of different nations vary more than on the subject of general average—that is to say, the rules in accordance with which the respective owners of ship and cargo have to contribute to any sacrifice voluntarily incurred for the benefit of the whole adventure; and attempts to obtain uniformity in such rules have been made at various international congresses, one of which, held at Antwerp in 1877, drew up a sort of code known as the York and Antwerp Rules, which is given in *extenso* at p. 342, but which has failed hitherto to obtain the approbation of underwriters or legislative recognition. Bills of exchange, as being a usual medium of monetary communication between persons residing at a distance from one another, occupy a large space in private international law, and similar attempts, recorded by Mr. Foote, have been made to procure uniformity in the attributes and effect attached to such instruments by the laws of different States.

The strict rules of pleading formerly in force in this country for a long while fettered the Courts here in exercising jurisdiction over torts, or causes of action other than those *ex contractu*, arising in foreign countries. Thus it was doubtful whether, if one Englishman assaulted another in Paris, an action could be brought for the assault here. But more enlightened counsels have gradually swept away many of the old technicalities, and the only restriction now imposed is that the act should be unlawful by the law of the country where it is committed as well as by our own.

It is obvious that there are many other subjects with which this large science of private international law deals on which we have not touched; but it must not be supposed that mention of them is omitted in Mr. Foote's book. On the contrary, there is no branch of the science which will not be found fully treated in his pages, and discussed with a full appreciation of the authorities, but at the same time with a liberty of personal opinion peculiarly allowable in dealing with a system as yet unsettled and inchoate. Mr. Foote's chief fault lies in unnecessary repetition. No doubt the same matter will recur under different headings, and require to be viewed in different lights, but this affords no justification for the recapitulation of whole cases, and of detailed comment thereon. If the reader's mind has to be carried back, reference is usually preferable to repetition. Still Mr. Foote has done his work very well, and the book will be useful to all who have to deal with the class of cases in which English law alone is not sufficient to settle the question. We may mention that Mr. Foote's qualifications for the task he has imposed on himself are by no means inconsiderable, inasmuch as he was Chancellor's Legal Medallist and Senior Whewell's Scholar at Cambridge in 1873, and Senior Student in Jurisprudence and Roman law at the Inns of Court examination, Hilary Term 1874.

THE FIRST VIOLIN.*

THE novel-writer is beginning to seek the support of other arts than his own. He is gradually assuming the place and authority of a specialist, and is no longer content to study the ordinary passions of the world, or to present the truths of character that belong to our common humanity. The familiar problems of everyday life and circumstance which satisfied the ambition of an earlier race of writers have grown stale and unattractive. In order that the picture of them may now be deemed tolerable, the author must be prepared to add an intimate acquaintance with some particular branch of human knowledge; and unless he can prove that, besides being a writer of fiction, he is also a politician, or a painter, or a musician, all his most skilful portraiture will be thrown away. *The First Violin* is an extreme instance of this general tendency in modern fiction. When, in place of a verse as a heading to a chapter, there are found a few bars of music

with the name "*Joachim Raff, Op. 117*," appended to them, the helpless and unlearned critic may be pardoned for assuming that his author is at least an accomplished musician. He may possibly be left in some doubt as to whether the text is meant to explain the sermon or the sermon to expound the text; but, without pushing this inquiry too far, he will reflect with gratitude that a musical mode of expression has not been adopted in the body of the story. We do not say that a novel might not be written for performance on the piano-forte, but in the present imperfect state of musical education the experiment would be somewhat hazardous. When the School Board has completed its labours, we shall be better prepared for the adventure; in the meanwhile *The First Violin* goes as far as is possible towards the attainment of this desirable result. Though it cannot actually be ranked as a musical composition, there is in nearly every page some reference to the details of the musician's art. All the principal characters are either professors of music, or are striving to reach that goal. The First Violin is no less a person than the hero himself, and his friends are for the most part members of the orchestra. The heroine, who possesses a soprano voice of extraordinary power, is studying for the operatic stage; her elder sister proves her devotion to the art in another form by running away with a musical director; while of a younger sister we are permitted to know very little, save that "she was a first-rate instrumentalist."

In one respect there is unquestionably a certain convenience about this method of dwelling rather upon the attainments than upon the individuality of the characters represented. It materially assists the process of identification. In the work before us, for example, the reader is always prepared for the approach of the hero. Whatever may be the situation in which he finds himself, he is constant in his attachment to a single phrase of music, and when the heroine hears "the air of the march from Raff's Fifth Symphony, the 'Lenore,'" we feel a certain confidence that her lover, Eugen Courvoisier, is not far distant. This tune, "softly hummed in a mellow voice," is first brought to her knowledge in the railway station at Cologne, where by one of the accidents of travel she has become separated from her friends. Miss Wedderburn, for that is the young lady's name, is on her way to a German town to study music, and being ignorant of the German language she gets lost amid the crowd of voyagers, and so misses the train by which her friend and protectress, Miss Hallam, is borne out of the station. In this dilemma it is fortunate that the hero adds to his knowledge of Raff some acquaintance with the English tongue. He observes her confusion as she vainly strives to question the porters, and he gallantly undertakes to conduct her to her destination. The cultivated instinct of the experienced novel-reader is not likely to miss the significance of this chance encounter. Our heroine, it will be readily understood, has already met her fate. It is not only that "all his lines were lines of beauty," but his eyes were "so keen, so bright, so commanding," that they seemed to penetrate through and through her. As a matter of course the very commencement of their acquaintance is solemnized by a musical performance. In the interval of waiting for the train he conducts her to the cathedral, and there they listen to a rehearsal of Bach's Passion music, the effect of which is sympathetically described. But Bach's Passion music never takes the important place in the conduct of the story that belongs to "the air of the march from Raff's Fifth Symphony." The latter, as it heralds the advent of the hero, is also generally accompanied by some critical circumstance in the lives of those who hear it. At Cologne it serves to celebrate the first meeting of the lovers; long afterwards, when Miss Wedderburn has settled down to her musical career, and when she and Courvoisier have somehow become estranged, this same air forewarns us of their reunion. She has been skating by moonlight and has fallen through the ice. The moment is critical, for she is rapidly becoming almost too benumbed to think or to hold herself up, when "I heard the sound of skates and the weird measure of the Lenore March again." Still later in the progress of the story there is a vivid description of the overflowing of the Rhine, and the heroine is swept away upon a fragment of the bridge of boats which had been torn from its moorings by the force of the swollen stream. At first she believes that she is alone upon the creaking raft, and she prepares herself to encounter a terrible fate; "but at this instant, in a momentary lull of the wind, almost by my side I heard a sound that I knew well, and had cause to remember—the tune of the wild march from Lenore." It is unnecessary to add that the singer was our hero; and, although the whirlwind played for a while a wild accompaniment to the words, it will be readily understood that during the remainder of the perilous excursion the dangers that had first seemed so overwhelming were easily forgotten. After this strange encounter, the march from Lenore is no longer in such urgent demand. The lovers have still some trials to undergo; but they are never again estranged, and their final reunion is only a matter of time and a few concluding chapters.

The mannerisms and affectations which disfigure the style of *The First Violin* are so serious that the reader is scarcely prepared for such signs of promise as the author occasionally displays. In the midst of a vast amount of sentimental extravagance, we may recognize a certain vividness of perception that suffices to give interest to the conduct of the story. The characters are not of striking originality, and the manner in which they are presented sadly needs the control of a more restrained and sober taste; but they are at least endowed with sufficient vitality to encourage us to follow their fortunes with a genuine sympathy. If the author's enthusiasm for her

* *The First Violin*. A Novel. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

hero is made to appear excessive it is obviously sincere, and the keenness of observation which she sometimes exhibits warrants the belief that she will not be long in discovering that her energies may be employed in perfecting a higher artistic ideal. We have hazarded a conclusion as to the sex of the writer, and perhaps we should not be far wrong in the further conjecture that this is her first essay in the art of novel-writing. On no other hypothesis would it be possible to explain the association of so much freshness of view with the signs of such obvious inexperience of style. The defects of the book, although serious enough, are pardonable upon the assumption that they are curable in the future; but they would be altogether intolerable if we could think that they proceeded from a practised hand. The most favourable illustration of the author's powers is to be found in those chapters which are devoted to the description of the heroine's ordinary life as a student of music. Here we have the result of personal observation recorded with picturesque effect, and it is only when the progress of the story calls for a stronger insight into the dramatic realities of character that we are made to feel the comparative poverty of the writer's resources. The feelings of an enthusiastic young girl towards the accomplished musician, her manifest admiration for the mystery that guards his life, and her increasing devotion under the stress of his apparent coldness, are all truly conceived and vividly related. But the writer is obviously treading upon less secure ground when she attempts to depict the sentiments and emotions of Courvoisier himself. It is a dangerous experiment even for an experienced novelist to attempt to conduct a story by means of a series of autobiographical statements. At the best, such recitals following one another are apt to bear too close a resemblance to the depositions of witnesses taken upon oath, and for this reason they have a certain fitness in the hands of a writer like Mr. Wilkie Collins, whose plots are designed to have something of the interest and intricacy of a criminal case. But in *The First Violin* there is no such excuse for adopting a method which is specially calculated to reveal any weakness of dramatic power. The plot, such as it is, holds only a subordinate place in the story, and the secret upon which it rests is somewhat tamely revealed at the conclusion. Indeed, if it were not for some indication supplied by way of headings to the chapters, the reader would be apt to fall into confusion. Eugen Courvoisier speaks and thinks in a manner so closely resembling that of the heroine herself that we do not always realize the altered condition of the narrative, and are apt to be puzzled by an arrangement that was doubtless undertaken for our benefit. The author of *The First Violin* is not yet strong enough to overcome the inherent disadvantages of this plan, and she would have given greater artistic completeness to her work if she had been content to let the heroine tell the whole of the story.

A TREATISE ON CHEMISTRY.

WE have before us the first two instalments of a work on chemistry as thorough and complete in all points as might be expected from the two Owens College Professors whose names it bears. There can be little doubt that, when completed, it will be the most valuable student's manual on chemistry before the public, and that not merely as being brought up to date by the introduction of recent discoveries and improvements, but equally, if not more so, on account of the scholarly way in which the subject-matter has been treated. The aim of the authors, as stated in the preface, has been to present "a fairly complete, yet a clear and succinct, statement of the facts of modern chemistry, whilst at the same time entering so far into a discussion of chemical theory as the size of the work and the present transition state of the science permit." An illustration of the difficulty which this transition state of the science causes is met with in p. 76, vol. i., where we have a list of the "gases which have not yet been condensed." It had long been the belief of chemists that theoretically the condensation of these six gases was possible, and that it would ultimately be accomplished; and the decisive experiments of MM. Cailletet and Pictet had by the end of 1877 (the year in which vol. i. appeared) overcome these long recalcitrant gases.

The first volume begins with a short historical sketch of some fifty pages tracing the science from its earliest origin. We have a remarkably clear account of the black or secret art, *Chemia*, as it came from Egypt; of the labours of the alchemists for the transmutation of the base into the precious metals; of the era of medical chemistry, dating at about the beginning of the sixteenth century; of the dawn of better things for the science towards the middle of the seventeenth century, when men of more philosophical mind, and pre-eminent among them Robert Boyle, began to teach that the highest aim of chemistry was not to subvert the mechanical arts or the medical profession, but simply to advance the great study of nature; and, again, we read of the prevalent ideas about combustion before the time of Lavoisier, as embodied in the quaint phlogistic theory of Becher and Stahl. This theory, one of the few of which the science could boast at the time, though utterly wrong in that it disregarded the important consideration of the increase of weight consequent on combustion, yet served to explain a number of well-

known facts, and introduced some system by classing together analogous phenomena; it is curious, too, to notice how it contained in it the germ of our modern theory of Potential Energy. Then we pass in review the individual discoveries and work of Black, Priestley, Cavendish, and Scheele in building up the new science, and from them to Lavoisier, who drew wide conclusions, based often, it is true, on the detailed investigations of his contemporaries, and ultimately arrived at the true theory of chemical combination, as consisting in the addition of one element to another, the weight of the product being exactly equal to the sum of the weights of the combining elements. Next we have the work of Bergmann, Richter, and Proust, leading up to the three great laws of chemical combination as propounded by Dalton, and the famous atomic theory by which he explained them. In the mention of Sir Humphry Davy's work perhaps hardly sufficient notice is given to the controversy over chlorine and muriatic acid. It is a controversy particularly instructive as to the nature of acids, bringing out clearly the Lavoisierian and the modern view. The evolution of oxygen and formation of muriatic acid, when the green gas discovered by Scheele acted upon water, seemed entirely conclusive to the Lavoisierian party that the gas was what we should now call a dioxide, since oxygen was given off, and the acid left must, according to their definition, consist of a non-metallic element and oxygen; while the elementary nature of the gas, as upheld and ultimately proved by Davy, involved the existence of a powerful acid without oxygen, and thus paved the way to the modern view of an acid as expressed in Odling's definition:—"An acid is a hydrogenized body which, when treated with hydrate of potassium, can exchange hydrogen for potassium with simultaneous formation of water." Of the value of this introductory sketch we can scarcely speak too highly; in the majority even of the larger works on the subject a connected historical sketch has not been attempted, and in none with such complete success. Educationally we cannot doubt that it will be found of great use, as putting the various discoveries and views in their logical sequence, and adding an interest to what otherwise might appear to the reader essentially technical.

An excellent chapter on the general principles of the science follows. Professor Lockyer's paper read last December to the Royal Society on the "Hypothesis that the so-called elements are compound bodies," based on the results of spectrum analysis, is founded on arguments such as are not ordinarily dealt with by chemists, and will for the present, at any rate, be received with hesitation; but one looks with interest for the verdict of a book like the one before us on such a point. Writing in 1877, the authors say (vol. i. p. 56):—"So far as our chemical knowledge enables us to judge, we may assume, with a considerable degree of probability, that, by the application of more powerful means than at present are known, chemists will succeed in obtaining still more simple products than the so-called elements." On the vexed question of the atomic theory the opinion of the authors is decidedly in favour of the theory, as giving the best explanation of the facts. They say, in summing up the discussion:—"Although the atomic theory satisfactorily explains all the known laws of chemical combination, the actual existence of the atoms is far from being thereby proved; indeed, from purely chemical considerations, it appears unlikely that the question will ever be solved. Nevertheless there is evidence, gradually becoming more cogent, connected with certain physical phenomena, which compels us to admit a limit to the divisibility of matter."

The remainder of vol. i., with the exception of a chapter on Crystallography at the end, is devoted to the non-metallic elements. They are discussed, we think wisely, in order of their atomicities, commencing with the monatomic hydrogen and halogen group; the compounds of this group *inter se* alone are here considered, their combinations with oxygen and the other elements of higher atomicity being reserved till the diatomic, triatomic, or tetraatomic group, as the case may be, has been itself treated of. In the arrangement of the elements in p. 54, vol. i. iodine is separated by a space from hydrogen, chlorine, and bromine, and placed close to fluorine. This is, we imagine, a printer's error, as the chemical properties of fluorine are more active than those of chlorine, and much more therefore than those of iodine; so that, if closely attached to the halogen group, it should be to the chlorine rather than the iodine end of it. In this part of the work we have an admirable chapter on water, in which, besides the more purely chemical questions of the determination of the composition of water by volume and weight, the latent heat of water and steam, and the maximum density of water, there are exhaustive sections on such social and economic questions as hard and soft water, natural waters, the organic constituents of water, and the all-important question of water analysis. The authors in their preface say that "special attention has been paid to the accurate description of the more important processes in technical chemistry," and as an instance call attention to the chapter on the manufacture of sulphuric acid. Some idea of the importance of this branch of industry may be gathered from the fact that 850,000 tons are annually produced in Great Britain. The method is elaborately described and copiously illustrated with excellent drawings of the various parts of the apparatus; as, for instance, the important addition of Glover's tower, the object of which is to continue the supply of nitrous fumes indefinitely from a theoretically small quantity of nitre; the excess of fumes at a later period of the process is dissolved in strong acid instead of being wasted, and subsequently brought into use again at the commencement of the

* *A Treatise on Chemistry*. By H. E. Roscoe, F.R.S., and C. Schorlemmer, F.R.S., Professors of Chemistry in Owens College, Manchester. Vol. I. and Vol. II., Part I. London: Macmillan & Co.

operation by admixture with weak chamber acid, as the two come into contact descending the tower; or, again, the platinum rectifying apparatus recently introduced by Messrs. Johnson, Matthey, and Co. Of the same complete nature is the chapter on coal and coal-gas at the end of vol. i. It contains all the information on the subject, from Murdoch's illumination by coal-gas, in 1798, of the works of Boulton and Watt at Soho, near Birmingham, to the most delicate operations of the analysis of coal-gas now as conducted by Bunsen in his gas-analysis room, of which we have a description and an illustration in pp. 699-700.

Volume ii., of which the First Part has just issued from the press, deals with the metals, and this part includes the metals of the alkalies and alkaline earths, the magnesium, lead, copper, cerium, and aluminium groups. The metals are arranged mainly, but not entirely, in accordance with their atomicities. The volume begins with an introductory chapter on alloys, amalgams, and the general properties of the metals. Then follows an important chapter on the relations and nature of oxides, acids, and salts. We are glad to note that the authors have decided to use the term "acid-forming oxide" instead of "anhydride" here and throughout their work. This volume is necessarily much more technical, and hence less generally interesting, than the first; we may, however, especially call attention to the chapter on the alkali manufacture, one of the most important branches of modern chemical industry. Among the many and various contrivances proposed from time to time to aid and improve the original process devised by Leblanc in 1794, and still in use, none perhaps seems more scientifically conceived than that of Messrs. Cammack and Walker. In the salt-cake process the large quantity of hydrochloric acid evolved, when first the salt and sulphuric acid are brought together, was originally allowed to escape, as a waste product, to the great detriment of the neighbouring vegetation, and even of animal life. An Act of Parliament compelled the manufacturers to abate this evolution of noxious gases; but the condensers employed fail for the most part to absorb a sufficient amount of the vapours, owing to the rapidity with which they are discharged when first the charge of salt is treated with the acid. Messrs. Cammack and Walker seek to obviate this difficulty by sending in at one end of the furnace a constant stream of salt and acid in proper proportions, and drawing off at the other end a charge of finished salt-cake. We can only hope that in practice this device may prove as useful as it is scientifically correct. The chapters on the smelting of zinc, lead, and copper, on the metallurgy of silver with silvering and plating, on mercury, on aluminium, with the manufacturing industries of glass, porcelain, and earthenware, are full and complete. The representations of apparatus throughout both volumes are copious and good; the majority of them have been taken from photographs of apparatus actually in use. Numerous references are supplied throughout to the original memoirs on the various subjects. The whole is well printed, and is for the most part free from typographical errors. But in vol. i. p. 38, "for specific heats *universally*," we should read "*inversely* proportional to their atomic weights"; "litre" and "litres" are used sometimes, "liter" and "liters" at others; we much prefer the former spelling; the other errors are for the most part unimportant. In conclusion, we congratulate the authors on so much of the work as has yet appeared, and we shall look with interest for part ii. of vol. ii., which will complete the metals and include the iron industry, and for vol. iii., which is to be devoted to the ever-growing subject of organic chemistry.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. BLACK'S contribution to Mr. John Morley's series of *English Men of Letters* (1) is just the bright and pleasant sort of work which we should naturally expect from the author. Of the charm of Mr. Black's style we have often spoken. In this little volume he shows that he is capable of penetrating and expounding the character of an historical person of a past time as he is of giving life to persons of the present time invented by himself. His estimate of Goldsmith seems to us to be just and well considered, and he makes a capital point in showing that the inordinate vanity constantly attributed to Goldsmith most probably did not exist, but was supposed to do so owing to the extraordinary stupidity of the people who recorded his sayings. For instance, there is the story of his being at Lille with two handsome English girls, who were much admired, and of his saying indignantly that he too had his admirers elsewhere. "Boswell," says Mr. Black, "may perhaps be pardoned for pretending to take the incident *au sérieux*; for, as has just been said, in his profound adoration of Johnson he was devoured by jealousy of Goldsmith; but that any other mortal should have failed to see what was meant by this little bit of humorous flattery is almost incredible. No wonder that one of the sisters, afterwards referring to this playful jest, should have expressed her astonishment at finding it put down as a proof of Goldsmith's envious disposition. But even after that disclaimer we find Mr. Croker, as quoted by Mr. Forster, solemnly doubting whether the vexation so seriously exhibited by Goldsmith was real or assumed."

In an introduction to what appears to be the fourth edition of

his work on *Our Schools and Colleges* (2), Captain de Carteret-Bisson observes that it has been much delayed in passing through the press through a desire on his part to make it as complete and as trustworthy as possible—a laudable desire enough which has led him to wait for "the best and most accurate information obtained in each case from the fountain-head." This information, he tells us, has enabled him "to correct the errors and amend the inadvertencies of a former edition." In dealing with a work involving so much labour and calculated to be of great general use, it may seem ungracious to pick out faults; but, as we learn from a note inserted on the title-page that future editions are to be expected, we shall only be doing the author a service in pointing out to him a few errors and inadvertencies which in this edition are not corrected. In p. 40 we are informed that the Slade Professorship of Fine Art is held by Sir Digby Wyatt and the Professorship of Latin by Professor Colvin, who is, as a matter of fact, and has been for a considerable time past, the Slade Professor of Fine Art. This is a far more pardonable error than that made in the "Table of average expenses regularly incurred by the student," which Captain de Carteret-Bisson calculates for the year at 69*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.* The exactitude of the amount is amusing, and it is perhaps not altogether impossible that a student may have reduced his expenses to the sum given by the author; but, as an average sum calculated for all colleges, the amount is mischievously misleading. It is perhaps equally incorrect to say that "the school expenses of a King's Scholar at Eton are nominal"; and the statement that "King's Scholars now prefer entering into the general University competition for open scholarships to Balliol and other colleges to competing for King's" is far too sweeping a generalization. However, as has been said, it would be extraordinary if there were no mistakes in a book which not only gives an account of every school and college of importance in the United Kingdom, but contains a list of schools recommended in France, Germany, Belgium, and Switzerland. On the whole, the author may be congratulated on the care and patience with which he has completed his laborious work.

Criticism might almost be disarmed by the *naïveté* with which Mr. Baillie Cochrane confesses that his volume, called the *Théâtre Français in the Reign of Louis XV.* (3), consists of notes which he has had by him for some time, and which, in anticipation of the visit of the Comédie to the Gaiety Theatre, "may not be wholly devoid of interest." It would be difficult to point to a franker confession of the sin of book-making. In the second page of his preface Mr. Baillie Cochrane shows, by copying a misprint from the *Times*, that he has not been at the pains of making himself acquainted with the correct names of the actors whose forthcoming visit has served him as a peg to hang his notes on, and the incorrectness here begun is carried through the volume with tolerable consistency. The book is, as might be expected from the preface, a scrappy piece of work, and in spite of the interest of the subject is full of an irritating dullness.

Mr. Wylie has thought fit to publish a series of private letters written by him during a tour round the world (4). He justly observes in a preface which has the merit of being short, that they "have no pretensions to literary merit"; but, "nevertheless, having been asked by partial friends to publish them, I not unwillingly consented." There is no kind of reason why he should have presented the public with various personal experiences which can have no kind of interest except for "partial friends," and there are many reasons why he should not have presented them with various remarks upon the public men with whom he came in contact, which do not seem to us in the best possible taste. Mr. Wylie appears, however, to be a "very superior person." When he was in New York he found that foreigners were "much preferable to Americans," and he was astonished at finding that "a German" was the American name of "a dance something like our cotillon," which, he may be glad to learn, was originally danced in Germany, so that the name is not so inappropriate as he seems to think it. Mr. Wylie was delighted to get back to England, and says that it will be some time before he goes round the world again. If his going would involve his publishing another book, we sincerely hope he will stick to his resolution.

An illustrated—and well illustrated—edition has been issued of Mr. Charles St. John's justly popular sketches of Highland sport and natural history (5).

We cannot give any praise to the illustrations made by Mr. Chapman for an excellently printed edition of the *Epic of Hades* (6). The designs are bad imitations of an eccentric school, the faults alone of which Mr. Chapman has succeeded in reproducing.

The object of Mr. Fuller's abridgment of the Speaker's Com-

(2) *Our Schools and Colleges*. Being a Complete Compendium of Practical Information upon all Subjects connected with Education and Examination recognized in the United Kingdom at the Present Day. Collected from Original Sources by F. S. de Carteret-Bisson, Captain 1st Regiment, R.J.M. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

(3) *The Théâtre Français in the Reign of Louis XV.* By A. Baillie Cochrane, M.P. London: Hurst & Blackett.

(4) *Chatty Letters from the East and West*. By A. H. Wylie. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(5) *Sketches of the Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands*. By Charles St. John. Illustrated Edition. London: John Murray.

(6) *The Epic of Hades*. In Three Books. By the Author of "Songs of Two Worlds," &c. With Seventeen Designs in Photo-Mezzotint by Geo. R. Chapman. London: C. Egan Paul & Co.

(1) *English Men of Letters*. Edited by John Morley. Goldsmith. By William Black. London: Macmillan & Co.

mentary (7) is "to give information sufficient to enable any reader to understand the Holy Scriptures, to acquaint him with the conclusions of learned investigations, and supply him with satisfactory answers to current misinterpretations." The work has been done with much care and skill, and will be of great use to readers who cannot find inclination or time to attack the larger work.

Mr. Phillips has aimed at collecting in a neat little volume (8) "the best and most representative elegiac poems which have been written in the English tongue during past generations by inhabitants of these islands." After this statement it was perhaps needless to say that the plan excluded American poetry. The distinctive feature of the work is that "both spelling and words have been modernized where it seemed needful, wherever the verse allowed it; where the metre did not permit this the meanings of obsolete words are given in the margin." It is to be feared that the modernizing process will offend many worthy people, but it may no doubt be a consolation to many others.

Few things could indicate more plainly the depression which an Indian life is capable of producing than the fact that "Aliph Cheem's" verses have reached a sixth edition. The *Lays of Ind* (9) are indeed uncommonly poor stuff. "Aliph Cheem" makes use of such a phrase as "toute de suite," and writes such lines as these:—

Colonel White was over forty,
Jane, his bride, was seventeen;
She was also very naughty,
For she loved a Captain Green!

A third and cheaper edition has been issued of Dr. Schweinfurth's book called *The Heart of Africa* (10), the first edition of which was reviewed in these columns four or five years ago.

Mr. Cooper's edition of *Men of the Time* (11) is a work possessing an undoubted value, which would, however, be greatly increased by more careful editing. Both in the matter of inserting and omitting names the editor has made several strange errors. But it is a characteristic of humanity to err, and no doubt it is very difficult not to err to some extent in a work of this kind.

"Birthday Books" (12) have become for some time past a recognized institution, and people who are bored by having to remember, or invent, the day on which they were born, and write it in a book opposite a quotation, may console themselves by thinking that habitual intercourse with such books involves making a certain acquaintance with standard quotations. The specimen which we now have before us of this kind of book is the best that we have yet seen in the selection of its extracts, which are taken with much discrimination from English, French, and German authors.

Messrs. Masson and Prothero have, to judge from the First Part of their work, performed with much discretion and care the task of editing Voltaire's *Siecle de Louis XIV.* for the "Pitt Press Series" (13). Besides the usual kind of notes, the editors have in this case, influenced by Voltaire's "summary way of treating much of the history," given a good deal of historical information, in which they have, we think, done well. At the beginning of the book will be found excellent and succinct accounts of the constitution of the French army and Parliament at the period treated of.

Mr. Rossiter's *Illustrated Dictionary of Scientific Terms* (14), in which he has wisely included "only the most commonly used and most important words," supplies with great success a want which many people must often have felt.

A second edition has appeared of Mr. Campbell's excellent work on the *Law of Negligence* (15), in which no pains have been spared in collating cases, and the style of which is clear and easy.

A fifth edition is issued of Mr. Woolsey's well-known and important work on *International Law* (16).

M. Blouet's notes to the *Barbier de Séville* (17) are for the most

(7) *The Students' Commentary on the Holy Bible.* Founded on the Speaker's Commentary. Abridged and Edited by J. M. Fuller, M.A.; formerly Fellow of St. John's Coll., Cambridge; Vicar of Bexley, Kent. 6 vols. Vol. I. London: John Murray.

(8) *The Book of English Elegies.* Edited by W. F. March Phillips. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(9) *Lays of Ind.* By Aliph Cheem. Sixth Edition, enlarged. With Illustrations by the Author and others. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co. London: Thacker & Co.

(10) *The Heart of Africa.* By Dr. George Schweinfurth. Translated by Ellen E. Frewer. With Maps and Woodcut Illustrations. Third Edition. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(11) *Men of the Time.* Tenth Edition. Revised and brought down to the Present Time. By Thompson Cooper, F.S.A. London: George Routledge & Sons.

(12) *The Birthday Book of Quotations and Autograph Album.* London: Bacon & Son and Whittaker & Co. Edinburgh: Grant & Son. Dublin: Hodges, Foster, & Figgis.

(13) *Pitt Press Series. Histoire du Siècle de Louis Quatorze.* Par Voltaire. Edited, with Notes, by Gustave Masson, B.A., Assistant Master and Librarian of Harrow School, and G. W. Prothero, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of King's College, Cambridge. Part I. Cambridge: University Press. London: Cambridge Warehouse. Leipzig: Brockhaus.

(14) *Collins's Series of Illustrated Dictionaries.—An Illustrated Dictionary of Scientific Terms.* By William Rossiter. London and Glasgow: Collins, Sons, & Co.

(15) *The Law of Negligence.* Second Edition. By Robert Campbell, M.A. London: Stevens & Haynes.

(16) *Introduction to the Study of International Law.* By Theodore D. Woolsey. Fifth Edition, revised and enlarged. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(17) *Le Barbier de Séville.* Comédie en quatre actes. Par Beaumarchais. Edited, with Biographical Introduction and Notes, by L. P. Blouet, B.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

part sensible and judicious. We should, however, have preferred fewer notes and a longer biographical introduction.

The advantages to be found in the lately issued edition of *Bacon's Essays* (18) are an alphabetical index and lines numbered for the purpose of ready reference. For our own part the irritation to the eye of the marginal numbers far outweighs any slight convenience that they may afford; and the pages are not so large as to make them in the smallest degree really necessary.

The *Legend of Jubal* (19) with "Agatha," "Armigart," and several short poems which make their first appearance, are collected in a recently issued volume of Messrs. Blackwood's excellent edition of George Eliot's works.

Mr. Fitzgerald's little volume (20) forms a convenient and useful sequel to the work which he produced on the Public Health Act at the time of its passing in 1875.

A new edition, greatly enlarged, is issued of the useful volume of mathematical tables (21) prepared by Mr. Pryde.

We are extremely glad to get so well printed an edition of the whole of Longfellow's poetry as that issued by Messrs. Routledge (22). In page 585 will be found a charming set of French verses which we do not remember ever to have seen before.

The "dictionary of occurrences," edited by Mr. Lockhart (23), amply fulfils the promise given on its title-page of being "an abstract and brief chronicle of the time," and will be found most valuable as a book of reference.

The great value of *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, and House of Commons* and the *Judicial Bench* (24) is so widely recognized that it is needless for us to do more than call attention to the issue of this year's edition of the three works.

The somewhat unwieldy volume called *Lords and Commons* (25) contains collected together all the matter that we were accustomed to see in the *Times* under the strange title, "Members out of Parliament" during September, October, and November last, all the letters written by members to newspapers during the same time, and various other matter which may have interest for some people.

Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. issue a well-written translation of M. Simon's volume (26), which was reviewed at length in these columns not long ago.

Mr. De Lacy Evans has theories of his own as to the causes of death from old age, which he sets forth in a small volume (27). He believes firmly in all cases of centenarianism which have been published, is convinced that the patriarchs lived to the literal age assigned to them in the Pentateuch, and thinks it would be possible and pleasing to revert to something approaching such a condition of things.

Of the fifty-second publication of the *Foreign Office List* (28). we may say, as of *Debrett's Peerage*, that it would be superfluous to do more than mention the appearance of a work of such widely appreciated value.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ivey has compiled a work (29) which must have given him a good deal of trouble in collecting information, and no doubt it would be hard to blame him for any trifling inaccuracy or omission. But it is rather startling in such a volume to find no mention of so well-known a club as the Cosmopolitan.

Mr. Stanford sends us a capital set of Maps of Zulu Land and South Africa, which will at the present time have a special interest.

(18) *Bacon's Essays.* Text only, with Index. By Edwin A. Abbott, D.D. London: Longmans.

(19) *The Works of George Eliot.—The Legend of Jubal, and other Poems—Old and New.* Edinburgh and London: Blackwood.

(20) *Notes of Statutes and Legal Decisions affecting the Public Health Act 1875, from 1875 to 1878 inclusive.* By J. J. Vesey Fitzgerald, Esq., B.A. London: Longmans.

(21) *Chambers's Educational Course.—Mathematical Tables.* Edited by James Pryde, F.E.I.S. New Edition. London and Edinburgh: Chambers.

(22) *Longfellow's Complete Poetical Works.* Author's Complete Copyright Edition. London: Routledge.

(23) *The Political Year-Book, 1878.* Edited by Norman Lockhart. Edinburgh: T. C. Jack. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

(24) *Debrett's Peerage and Titles of Courtesy.—Debrett's Baronetage and Knightage.—Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench.* Edited by Robert H. Mair, LL.D. London: Dean & Sons. 1879.

(25) *Lords and Commons: a Reprint of Eight Hundred Speeches and Two Hundred Letters of Members of both Houses of Parliament, delivered during the Recess.* With Copious Index and Election Returns. Vol. I. September, October, November, 1878. London: J. Hall.

(26) *The Government of M. Thiers.* From the French of M. Jules Simon. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(27) *Can we Prolong Life?* By Chas. W. De Lacy Evans, M.R.C.S.E. London, Paris, and Madrid: Baillière, Tindall, & Co.

(28) *The Foreign Office List, 1879.* Compiled by Sir Edward Hertalet, C.B. Fifty-second Publication. London: Harrison.

(29) *The Club Directory.* A General Guide or Index to the London and County Clubs, and those of Scotland, Ireland, and British Colonial Possessions, together with the English Clubs in Europe, the United States, and elsewhere throughout the World. By Lieutenant-Colonel George James Ivey. London: Harrison.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The exceptional size of the Engraving (29 inches by 19 inches) necessitates its publication in a form separate from the ordinary issue of this Journal, but it will be presented gratuitously to all Annual Subscribers to L'ART, whose Subscription for the Year 1879 shall have been received before March 31.

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MISS GLYN has the honour to announce that she will give THREE READINGS from SHAKESPEARE at Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, on the following Tuesday Evenings: March 25, HAMLET; April 1, MACBETH; April 8, ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. To commence each Evening at Eight o'clock precisely; doors open at 7.30. Tickets—Numbered Stalls, 5s.; Stalls, 3s.; Gallery, 2s. Family Tickets, to admit Five to Numbered Stalls, 21s. Subscription for Three Readings, 10s. 6d.—A Plan of the Hall may be seen and Tickets obtained at Mitchell's Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street; Olliviers, 38 Old Bond Street; Chappell's, 50 New Bond Street; Hay's, Royal Exchange; and at Steinway Hall.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT, having arrived in London from his Tour Round the World, will give THREE RECITALS at the Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, on the Evenings of March 18, 20, and 22. To commence at Eight o'clock precisely; doors open at 7.30. Tickets—Numbered Stalls, 5s.; Stalls, 3s.; Gallery, 2s. Family Tickets, to admit Five to Numbered Stalls, 21s.—A Plan of the Hall may be seen and Tickets obtained at Cramer's, 301 Regent Street; Mitchell's Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street; Hay's, Royal Exchange, E.C.; and at Steinway Hall.

UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—NOTICE is Hereby Given, that on Wednesday, 30th of April next, the Senate will proceed to elect EXAMINERS in the following Departments:

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Two in Forensic Medicine	£50	{ Prof. Ferrier, M.D., M.A., F.R.S. Thomas Stevenson, Esq., M.D.

The Examiners above named are re-eligible, and intend to offer themselves for re-election. Candidates must send in their Names to the Registrar, with any attestation of their Qualifications they may think desirable, on or before Tuesday, March 25. It is particularly desired by the Senate that no personal application of any kind be made to its individual Members.

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